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DRUMMER

ISSUE 168

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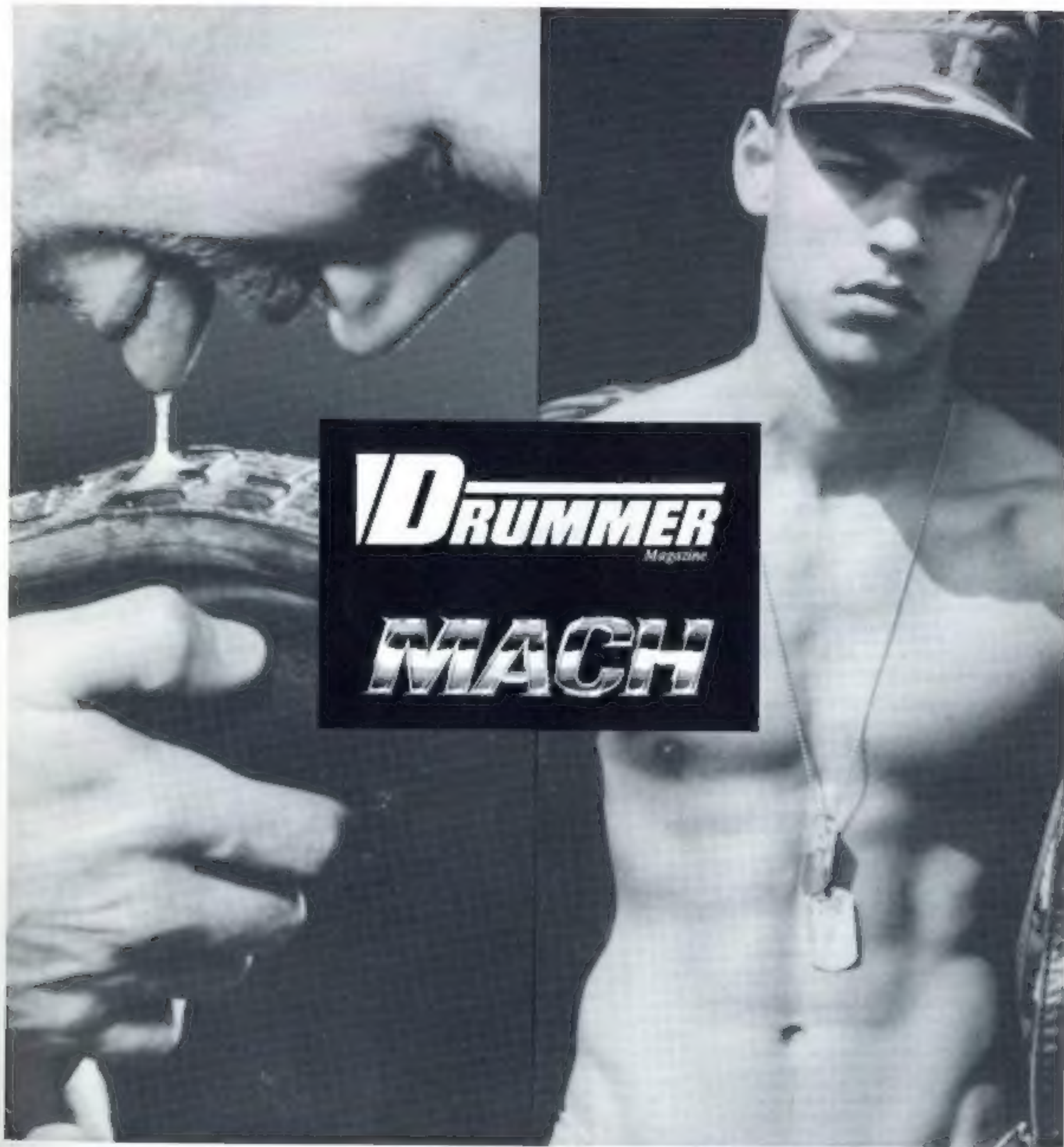
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*"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because
he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however
measured or far away." - Henry David Thoreau*

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OFF THE TOP

BEWARE THE POLITICALLY CORRECT SEX POLICE

or:

DON'T TREAD ON ME!

By Guy Baldwin, M.S.

I have hoped that anyone else would stick his neck out and write what follows first and let me off the hook, but it was not to be. So, as the lady said, "Buckle your seat belts; it's gonna be a bumpy ride!"

It is apparent to me that we suffer from our own versions of Jesse Helms in the sense that some leather folks like to dictate who we in general, and I specifically, should be playing with—what to think and which attitudes to adopt—even what is okay to say in public and what is dangerous. In short, we now seem to have our own Sex and Speech Police and this frightens me and pisses me off.

All these dictates are made in the name of being "politically correct". Some examples: I'm not supposed to say that I don't like mixed dungeon spaces, *but I don't*. I'm supposed to divide my social time equally between those who are attractive to me and those who aren't, *but I don't*. Lately, I have the impression that I'm supposed to play with guys just because they're nice guys, *but I don't*. I'm supposed to judge any contest when invited to do so, *but I don't*. I guess I don't have the right to discriminate anymore, *but I do it anyway*.

To begin with, I think it's time to remind those who have evidently forgotten, that our brains operate in one way, and our groins in another. The simple truth for me is that my dick knows exactly what it likes and wants, and it leads me to what will give it pleasure just as surely as a compass needle points to magnetic North. I refuse to apologize for what makes my dick hard—it is the most consistently honest part of my self, and I value its simple, erect truth. Mine is not

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

an equal opportunity dick. I doubt yours is either.

My "soft-ons" are just as honest—I know what turns me off or, at least, what doesn't turn me on. Even though it may be "politically correct" or "fair" or "liberated" to play in mixed gender dungeons for example, I DON'T LIKE IT. At least, my dick doesn't like it. Put simply, it is a "soft-on" for me to see or hear women or heterosexuals play together. Because my HEAD is politically oriented, I wish I liked it, but the truth "meater" [sic] below my belt tells me something else. Consistently, I'm glad that mixed dungeons exist for those who enjoy them; I don't. I know because I've tried. There, I've said it, I'm glad.

For me, the whole notion of "community" is something that happens above my neck which is the only place in my body where it makes any sense at all. And up there, it does make sense to me. I have important battles that are more effectively fought shoulder to shoulder with others who are oppressed in the same ways I am oppressed. But when our efforts to oppose our common foes are done for the day, don't expect me to play with someone that night who I don't find attractive just because we fought together.

I don't believe in mercy fucks. I think

they demean the erotic self and violate sexual honesty. I won't play just because he's a nice guy. I've tried doing that and it depressed me for days afterward. I understand that things are a bit different for those who have fetishes: some boot lovers don't care much who is in them; some pain fetishists don't care who their partner is as long as he does it well, and so on. But I seriously doubt that this indifference describes the majority of people in the Scene. It certainly doesn't describe me—being physically attracted to a potential partner is still one of the important things when deciding who I'm gonna play with. That may change some day, but it hasn't yet.

I think the bottom line here is: Don't play unless you expect it will be a good time. Above all: Don't play just because it's politically correct or kind-hearted to do so. Politics is an "above the neck" thing. Keep it there. Fight if you have to, but keep it there.

Furthermore, using information from our brains when our groins are in operation is difficult. Just look at how much trouble many leatherfolks have had learning to do safer sex things consistently. **ALTHOUGH WE KNOW IN OUR BRAINS THAT WE MUST.** While I militantly preach and

practice safer sex, I also recognize that there are limits on the extent to which our groins will tolerate much more brain influence and still work to our satisfaction.

And now there are the Politically Correct Sex Police ranting about their need for us to get modern and reject no one for any reason. Anyone who wants to re-educate my dick will quickly learn that its hearing is poor and already stretched to the limit. Enough pressure already! I can believe in the value of inclusiveness and fight for it without giving up my right to discriminate when it comes to choosing my partners, who to socialize with, who to invite to dinner, where to play and what opinions to form.

I plan to ignore the dictates of the leather versions of Jesse. They will be shot on sight if they criticize or try to control my private erotic behaviors or choices; I welcome their attention to my politics. I hope they'll learn the difference. I hope you'll help me teach it to them.

Guy Baldwin, M.S. is a Los Angeles-based psychotherapist who works with those on the sexual frontiers. He wrote the book, *TIES THAT BIND*, and served as International Mr. Leather in 1989.



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MALE CALL

THE "FLEX-O-MATIC"



Dear Editor,

WOW! Flex (#166) is fantastic! Finally a man who looks comfortable in (and out) of his leathers! And it all compliments his build! (Even my lover was impressed!) Keep 'em "comin".

Glenn
Houston, TX

Dear Sir:

I just finished reading *Drummer* #163. An excellent magazine, which has expanded my horizons greatly. As soon I can complete an ad, I will be joining your Leather Fraternity.

I was especially intrigued by the tit clamps that the model, in your story "Nipple Workout", on pages 20-23 was wearing. I have enclosed a SASE and would like to receive from you information concerning where I can get such clamps. I foresee many hours of sheer pleasure from them!

Keep up the excellent work and I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Sincerely yours,
M.J.G.
New York, NY

Dear M.J.G.,

After some investigation, I found that a number of leather-oriented shops carry this particular type of tit clamp. Our own RoB of San Francisco has this set of clamps available by mail order. Write for them at 22 Shotwell Street, San Francisco, CA 94103 or call (415) 252-1198. These just happen to be one of my favorite pair! I know you will enjoy them!!!

MJW

THE DEBATE WAGES ON...

Dear Editor:

The *Mail Call* section in issue #165 prompted me to write in support of my Brother Marine. While I can tell you that there has been more Marine dick taken by squid sailors than the other way around, Marine brothers do share a special bond between them. And the story (*A Day At The Zoo*) might ring true as the number one fantasy for a lot of squids, in reality the squid would be on his knees waiting to service the Marine. I know this to be true from my own experience in the corps. Oh don't get me wrong, we support our sister service. As Marines, we know that if you need a piece of ass, any squid would rather take it from a Marine.

As a Marine, a SGT, a Top and a Master, (see *Male Call*, *Drummer* issue #162) I can tell you that the Marines are tough, strong, and take charge. If we do take a dick it is most likely from a brother Marine. Perhaps the next story from *Drummer* involving the USMC will address the Marine as a hard body, tough, devil dog and not as some passing treat for some worthless squid.

And to all my "Hard Dick Marine

Brothers" out there you know what this Sgt is talking about. Ooh-Rah.

Semper Fi,
SGT. G.H.
USMC Training Center

TOP SPACE...

Dear Sir,

I am A TOP. Now that we understand this meaning; I wish to state while I am in a relaxed state, in reading *Drummer* issue #163 that there is competency out there amongst we Leather Folk... Case in point, #163's BOTTOM in *Rough Stuff* by David Christopher. Why aren't there more **BOTTOMS WITH BRAINS** and why are there so few well-aware bottoms like Mr. Christopher? Hell, guess it's just a rarity.... As the line goes from "Key Largo", How do ya account for it? Give that bottom boy a cigar....

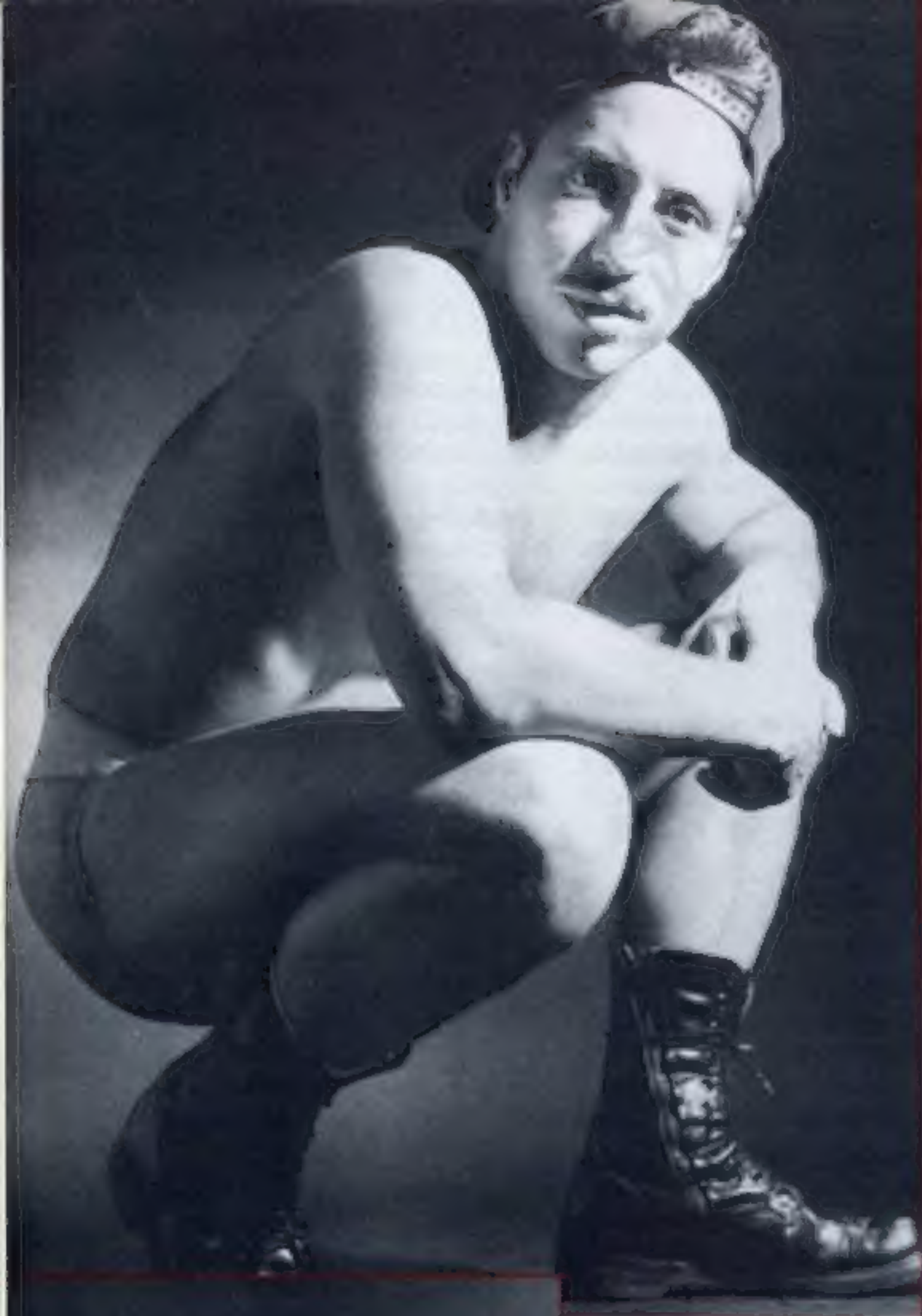
Daddy Top
Atlanta, GA

P.S. If this is evidence of "Drummer's" re-entry into the practice of publication of thought provoking editorial and article content, news, story line, etc., I may just have to resubscribe after that lagging mid-80's drivel that was picked up so quickly at the newsstands....

Dear Sirs,

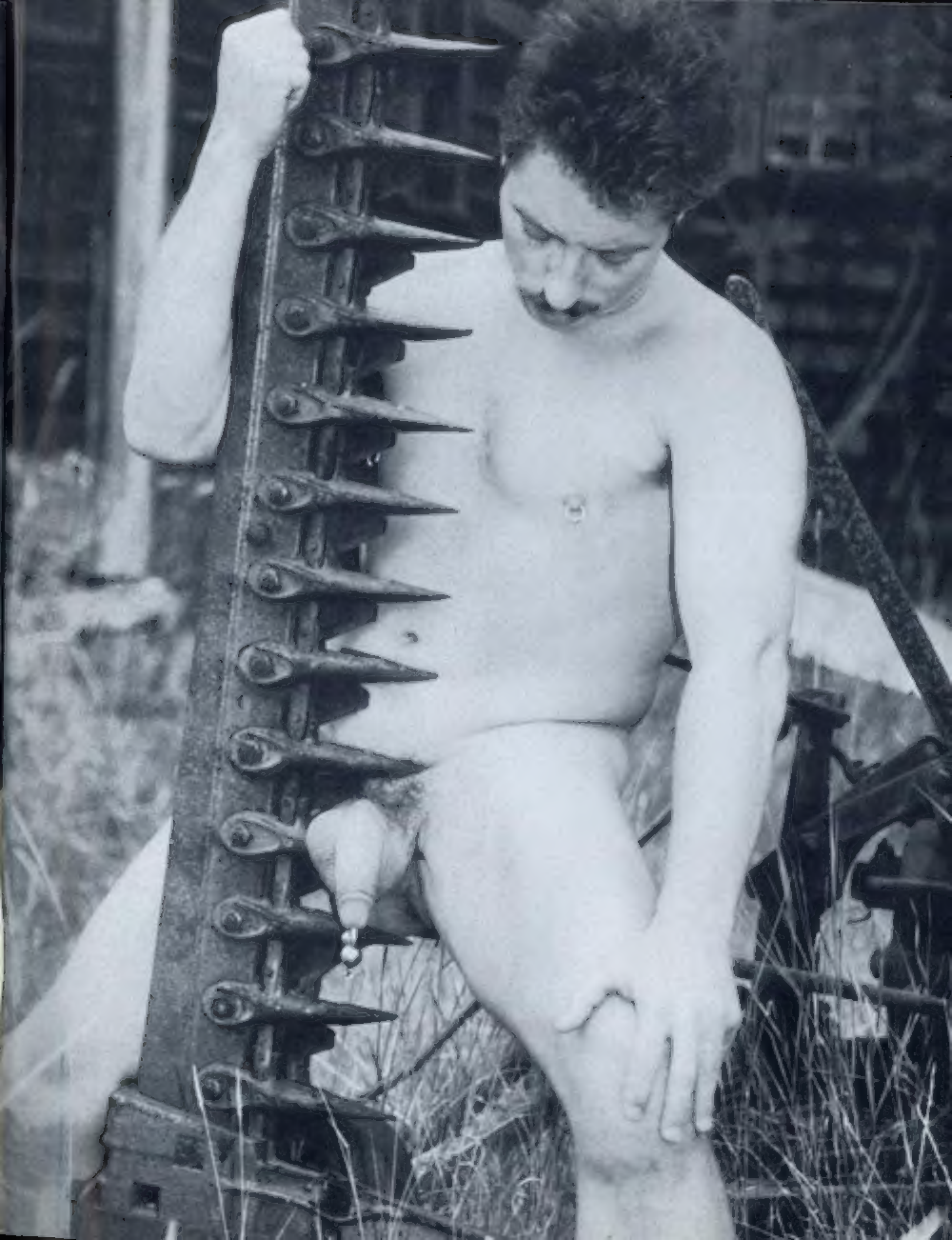
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Yours faithfully,
G.H.
Coventry - ENGLAND



“Paul”

Photography By Kanar







Inside or out,
this guy
knows how
to play!



Whichever end
is up, you've
got your hands
full !!



Something For Everyone, Once Again

By Joseph W. Bean

This month is a clean-up month—not by any means meaning that I'm sweeping out debris, cause we have some really hot stuff to look at here, but meaning that I'm fulfilling several promises I've made to you about things I would review soon. Soon is now.

PRECIOUS POSSESSIONS FIRST

The writer/publisher of (among other illustrious titles) *Penis Enlargement: Fact and Phallusy*, *The Art of Auto Fellatio*, and *Penis Power* (What? You missed his earlier works?), now moves his attention south an inch or more. His latest effort is *Testicles: The Bull Book*, and it really is weird enough to be enjoyable, informative enough to be called essential. Anyway, I liked it, sick man that I am. Author Gary Griffin calls the book "a fun romp that will entertain and enlighten anyone who has ever enjoyed the delights of his family jewels." I'd say it might go a step further by providing the same enjoyment for anyone who owns a set of "family jewels."

Griffin gives us quite a tour as is evident from his chapter headings: *Testicles 101*, *Semen: The Milk of Man*, *The Castration Complex*, *How to Enlarge Your Ballsac*, and *How to Lengthen your Ballsac*. He also includes an interesting Question and Answer chapter and a bibliography. What he doesn't mention among the contents are the jokes, information boxes, and asides throughout the book—and they add a lot to the value and interest of the "project."

To get your own copy of "Testicles," write to the author (who says he is "building a publishing enterprise in his spare time"). He'll want \$9.95 per copy, plus \$1 for shipping. And, trust me, this enterprising young man will make it easy for you to order his other books as well. The address: Added Dimensions Publishing, 4216 Beverly Blvd., Suite 262, Los Angeles, CA 90004.

NEXT, TWO FALCON VIDEOS

Falcon, you might think, is Falcon. And, if you had such a thought, it would no doubt suggest to you that Falcon Videos are not the same thing as videos of interest to *Drummer* readers. But, as I have told you before, there are exceptions. What is surprising is that a) the exceptions are

becoming more common, and b) the best of the exceptions are really outstanding videos for us. Nonetheless, comparing apples to apples make the most sense, and it can safely be said that if the ordinary Falcon video is an acceptable pie-apple, the exceptional, rougher edged, sexier (to me) Falcon vids are Washington Delicious temptations. The first new title we're looking at this month is only half-way there (if Washington Delicious is the goal), but it's a fair sampling of Falcon's stable and of some of the skills at work at the studio. This one is called *Grand Prize*.

The title refers, rather flimsily, to the fact that a certain Mr. Joseph (SF comedy audiences will recognize him as Mr. T) appears to announce to our star that he has been chosen Falcon King For A Day. His prize is to have Mr. J. materialize for him some pretty hot sex scenes between and among the Falcon models he chooses from a magical album of some sort. Never mind the dumb plot, as vanilla video goes, this is the Falconest!

The first three of the "King's" four wishes are flat-out vanilla, even if the bodies are inspiring. Everyone is carefully shaved, cleaned of offensive anu-genital hairs, well-pumped, and soothingly hunky. The fourth,



however, got my balls boiling. The Nasty boys in fantasy four do dildo—big dildo—in a big way. And, they do fist—way up past the cuff of the medical exam glove. The top (no capital T earned!) leaves a lot to the bottom,



but the bottom takes care of himself, and me, and you!

Grand Prize is a winner, even if you have to cuddle and stroke slowly through three wishes to get your wish to come true.

Also from Falcon—but almost from another planet!—is the second in the studio's "Abduction" series, called *The Conflict*.

Only the most ardent Drummedia fan could possibly recall that in issue 152 I recommended *The Abduction* rather excitedly. Then, in issue 155, I finally squeezed in a few paragraphs of review. "... it is hot," I wrote, "a lot more sex-gorged than most SM tapes." The first "Abduction" tape was hot, and #2, *The Conflict*, will not disappoint fans of the series. It starts off sort of surprisingly—in the kitchen of the compound where the shanghaied sex slaveboys are being kept. Kitchen? Oh no, you might think, no sex. Wrong. This is Falcon. The bags of potatoes can be as real as they want, but they're *really* pillows for boosting a butt into place or (later) weights for keeping balls extended. After everyone else in the kitchen has his fill of cock, a lowly slavey on KP gets a wicked visit (including a dick to be sucked) from Iron Mike Peroyra (unshaven!). Then the Officers' chauffeur and some compound guards get it on in the parking garage. Meantime, while the chief abductor is out checking on an attempted escape, his aid gets nosey and earns himself a lengthy enemy punishment. (If the video has a bad moment, this is it. The quantities of water used are so ridiculous you can't help laughing, even if hosing down the inside is a turn on to you.) When the escapee is returned, he is comforted (with sex) just as he and his fellow inmates are trained and tortured with sex. Odd, but it seems to work for him (as it did for me). As the story at the slave compound—a great scene with a huge dildo, a string of pearls (balls on a leather thong), and fisting—we get a glimpse of the US Army or some such detachment doing martial arts

training in preparation for a raid to save the sex slaves in part three

At nearly an hour and a half each, the three tapes in this series make up four and a half hours of very real sexual entertainment. The SM is real in the sense that it actually happens before your very eyes, or the camera's at least. And, frankly, that's as good as it gets on tape in America these days.

What, then, is the capsule review of *The Abduction* and *The Conflict* and their third part? Go for it. Get 'em all. You'll be glad you did. See page 39 in this *Drummer* issue for complete ordering information.

ZEUS ON THE SIDE

Granted, "on the side" is no way to look at Zeus Studios offerings. They are consistently within the purview of this column and well within the interest range of the *Drummer* reader. Nonetheless, there is one tape that has been on the "promised" list so long that there is nothing new about it anymore. So, just a few quick words: Russ Johannsen is as beautiful in *Fi Lauderdale Eagle II* as he was in #1. If there is something wrong with the tape (and there is), it is only that there are too many things going on in too many directions most of the time. But then RJ has a completely fantastic solo dildo scene which puts everything to rights, and there's a four-way on the pool table at the end that does the right trick right as well. So... don't miss *Eagle II* just because I took so long to tell you it's worth the price and more! ***

MARK I. CHESTER: A REMINDER

Last issue, in a non-Drummedia feature,



"Bound and Uniformed"

I encouraged you to see Mark I. Chester's show at Leslie Lohman Gay Art Foundation. This is just a reminder: see Mark I. Chester Sexual Photographs--Fong's X-rated Choices Leslie-Lohman Gay Art Foundation New York City (212) 673-7007

THE HUN HIMSELF

The Hun continues to crank out yummy,



crazy, sexy, incredible pictures for the delight and amazement of his private collectors and many magazines. And, from time to time, he collects the images into sets and sells them as prints. There are no stories overlaid, no fuss or muss added. That is all up to you. Supply your own fantasies, inspired and supported by the pure Hun images and short.

The most recent series--"M3: Even More Men Bound & Gagged"--is mostly (as the title suggests) pictures made for *Bound & Gagged* magazine. But, even if you've seen every issue of B&G, you ain't seen all of it yet. There is one especially delicious series included in "M3" which is previously unpublished (and basically unpublishable). In this set, a hapless frat boy is stuck being the on-display, cocksucker in the quad initiation, you know. No credit for coaches and faculty, although the score sheet shows he's doing his share to keep the teachers happy. Credit only for student cocks sucked, and he's doing that, even as we watch.

If you're not already getting perverse and welcome mail from The Hun, get yourself on his list by ordering "M3" for just \$20.00 (plus \$2 for postage in USA, Canada, Mexico). Be sure to make your checks payable to Bill Schmeling, and to certify that you're 21 and glad to get mad like Hun drawings for your private pleasure. He'll send back 16 prints and a sheet explaining why he drew each picture. Then, in the natural order of things, you'll hear about future releases... and order those, too.

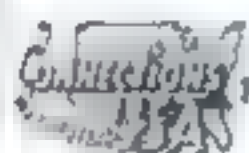
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ROUGH STUFF

How to find a boy

by Jack Rinella, Illustration by Sims

If I had a fool-proof, complete-with-guarantee directions for finding one's boy, I think I'd make a fortune. That depends of course on whether or not the patent office would let me collect royalties on the process.

In twenty-first century America one can't go out and buy one's slave: the Emancipation Proclamation outlawed that practice. Purchasing sex is illegal for both vendor and client. Yentas are not easily found, though amateur match-makers seem to come a dime a dozen. Even the time honored tradition of marriage by parental arrangement (that's how my grandparents were hitched) has fallen into disrepute.

Alas, I have no easy answer. Now and again, I've thought I had succeeded in meeting and bedding the perfect boy (of legal age) only to find that our fantasies didn't complement each other as nearly as we liked.

When I write "boy" I mean slave, though much of what is written here applies to Tops as well as Masters, boys as well as slaves. Since most Masters call their slaves "boy", it's just natural for me to do so here. Isn't semantics fun?

You get the idea, I'm sure. Whomever you want, you've got to find him or her, not a quick and easy proposition.

I can give some ideas and some guidelines.

In discussing this chapter idea with my friend Lynn, I mentioned how impossible it was to find the right boy. Since he is looking for boy number three (slaves one and two happily under his control), he understood, but the smile on his face said, "Yes, it can be done". After all, he had found Tony and Jim, hadn't he?

Lynn (who lives in Chicago) had been corresponding with an applicant named Tom from California. Tom's letters and photo looked promising. He called himself a total slave seeking complete domination. He wanted to start a new life under the absolute control of a man who would be his permanent Master. He pledged that no demand would go unanswered. He would bring no limits, no reservations. Sounded hot to me!

So Lynn invited him to come for a mere weekend, offering, in fact, to help

pay for the airfare.

In reply, Tom declined, saying he wasn't ready for that kind of commitment. Put his name on the list of "wanna-be's".

I've had that experience time and time again. Faced with the possibility of turning a fantasy into reality, the reality pales quickly and the fantasy becomes a "No, thank you".

There are enough Master/slave relationships around to prove though that such states do exist. Finding the right boy takes patience and creativity. I also think it takes a large dose of openness. Don't hem yourself in with tight definitions about the right "type" either. After all, Mr. Perfect may not turn out to be Mr. Right. Mr. Right may never be what you thought you wanted, but you'll be much better off in spite of your preconceived ideas.

The way most guys talk, you would think that the "bar scene" is the most difficult and traumatic institution ever invented. The sentence "I hate bars," is an oft-repeated lament. But statistically, an awful lot of leather folk have met each other in bars, so that's not a bad place to start, or to continue, looking

There are alternatives, of course. In fact there are a lot of ways to find that special person without ever venturing into a local gay drinking establishment.

I've met lots of people in lots of different ways. You can do the same, if you're willing to make the effort.

I've lost count of the number of guys I've met through the modern day phenomenon of the computer bulletin boards. BBS'ing as it's called, offers a low cost, right from your home, way to meet people. Of course you've got to have access to a computer with a modem. That doesn't necessarily mean you have to own one though. I know several guys who log on to the BBS from work (not recommended but if you can do it, more power to you), or from a friend's computer. Similarly, the classified ads work in the same way, though they are slower, since writing letters, and waiting for replies can take weeks or months. Do the ads get results? Well, I'm still friends with Gary and we met more than ten years ago through an ad in *Drummer Magazine*.

Now of course there are "talking" personals. Instead of using the mail to answer ads, you can pick up the phone and leave voice mail. You'll get phone calls in response, not a bad start to meeting new friends.

In a similar vein are the 900 numbers. They work in much the same way as the computer does, but are invariably more expensive. When you talk to someone with whom you're interested, it's wise to get their number and call them directly, thereby reducing the per minute charges. A word to the wise here: be careful of your phone bill. The per-minute phone charges can run up quickly. The stories about \$500 and \$1,000 charges are true. You won't do that more than once I'm sure.

Besides classifieds ads, magazines offer information about local and national clubs. But once again you've got to make the first effort. These groups are often staffed by volunteers, so at times their responses are a long time coming. Don't give up, keep looking, and you'll find the friends you're looking for.

There is nothing wrong with being alone. In fact, there are times when solitude is both necessary and welcome. Loneliness, on the other hand need not be a permanent condition.

You can find that boy.

Doing so is just the beginning. Once found, you've got to take time to get to know each other, gain mutual trust, set limits, and agree on expectations.

I once had several marvelous months with a "boy". He was a handsome, cultured, attentive, and playful twenty-two year old. I taught him a lot about being my best boy and he responded wonderfully. He, though, had expectations that never crossed my mind. The relationship was doomed to failure from the start.

The end of our relationship began when he couldn't admit to the possibility of being only "one" of the slaves in my stable. He resisted me at that point and I allowed him his opinion.

From then on he tested me, finally refusing to call me "Sir." I punished him by exile from my bedroom for five days. That was the end. He thought the punishment was to "whimpish". On his part, he had expected to be badly beaten in retaliation for his insubordination.

In the end our expectations were too dissimilar and we went our separate ways.

I am no longer so quick to move into any committed relationship. Instead I try to make it clear as to where I want to get, and that it takes time to know each other well enough to experience the intensity and depth that I seek.

That doesn't, of course, mean that we don't explore possibilities on the way. Before I issue a list of rules, I want to know where my "slave-applicant" is and where he wants to go. I will give most

ROUGH STUFF

anyone the chance to apply, but I know that I need to be true to myself in what I do and with whom I relate.

For their part, even seasoned slaves need to be given time to learn how a new Master wants to be served. It is here that the euphemism "training" becomes a real event. Teach your boy what you expect. If you only get what he wants, then you are no longer in charge.

On the other hand, it is imperative that you grant the boy the right to speak, to question, and to learn. Boys have desires and dreams every bit as important as those of their Masters. The challenge is to find a way to meet each person's fantasy, without compromising the other's.

My newest "boy-in-training" likes to cuddle, wants to know my every move, and has a great need to feel accepted. He is just as starved (more so, maybe) for affection as for domination. I am willing to give him both. In fact he will get affection in great measure. But for me to be comfortable in doing so, it must be at my discretion, my choosing.

He's getting a furry Master, but no teddy bear here!

What I would really like is my own live-in slave boy, one that fits the "best boy" description to a tee: an obedient masochist who can cook, clean, and do laundry. He should need little sleep but lots of sex, and have enough of his own income that I don't have to support him. Of course I'd like him to be younger, better built, and more intelligent than the usual Saturday night trick.

That is what I really want. And I don't just want him for one night. I'd like to keep and enjoy him for a lot longer than that. I want him for life.

Even for those of us in the best circumstances (and that includes me), finding the right partner is no easy endeavor. On the surface I always advise (as above) that one use the shotgun approach. Try the bars and the classifieds and the computer bulletin boards. Let friends know you're looking. Join clubs, volunteer, be outgoing and friendly.

But it's not as easy as all that. One summer, I answered almost 40 ads in *Drummer Magazine*. I responded to all those who wrote and six sent return replies. I spoke with many of the men on the phone, with several I correspond for three or four months. I actually got to meet three of them.

One came within a week of flying to Chicago to spend two weeks with me, but

at the last minute fell in love with someone more geographically desirable.

I don't have any magic formula for helping that lover-to-be to knock on your door. I can't get that dream of mine either.

The reality of the situation is that my life is full, incredibly happy, and I have more love in it that most people ever contemplate. So I'm not complaining. Those who know me well know that I'd better not complain either.

Yet, that doesn't stop me from

different? The critical question he is this: How do you have to change to be the person in the relationship you seek? What within you is keeping your future partner in the future?

There are many reasons why that "slave boy" isn't here right now: I'm too busy, too intense, and have too many other relationships, few of which I'm willing to give up. I want him on my own terms and I'm not very willing to compromise. And so I don't get what I want because a significant part of me probably doesn't want him.

After all, if I did, I would change enough to let him find me.

Though it seems like another life time, there was a time that my income level was too low and I wanted a more prosperous life. I spent years trying to find out what was wrong. It was only after I had worked through my fear of failure, my negative feelings about moving to another city, and my attachment to the comfort of the status quo, that I was able to make the changes that had to happen before I could find the job that would support me in the manner I wanted!

Chicago has been very good to me. I'm in the right place at the right time and I have the job I want. My income level has grown substantially...

Additionally, I can get to the theater and the symphony with ease. I have a Great Lake to enjoy, and beautiful Lincoln Park is only three blocks from my home. My family is well, my friends love me, and my writing appears in print every week.

What more can I ask for? Oh, my wants go on forever. And yes, I want a slave. Maybe we'll find each other, but if not, let me say that that's all right too.

For the key to finding what you want is within yourself. Look closely and lovingly at yourself and listen to your inner self as it tells how to do it.



wanting a slave in my dungeon. I also want him in my bed, my kitchen, and my life! To have that happen, though, things have to change. And it isn't as if only he has to change to get here, but rather that I have to change to get there as well. Too often we think that it's the other guy or gal that keeps us from having the love we seek.

How do you find a slave? You let him find you and when he does, be what he's looking for.

Think of what you will be like when you have the boy you desire. How will your life be different? How will you be

"I Saw Daddy's Hard-On!"

By Richard A. White, Illustration By R.A. W.

"CUSTODY" I looked up the word, since I was only seventeen at the time, and my teachers had always said, "If you don't know a word, look it up." In 1960, "Custody" wasn't a word used on TV much, so I didn't know what it was when the judge said my dad had "custody" of me. I thought it was Custardy—like ice cream or something. Dad wasn't much for reading books so I didn't ask him what the word meant. "The duty," said Webster's Dictionary, "of taking care of something. Guardianship. Imprisonment." My heart sank. Was Dad gonna send me away to a place for young men like me? I lay in bed that night, fighting back the tears and fears that rise when one's hands and into oblivion.

I shivered, even though it was a warm June night in Melrose. I knew I wouldn't sleep until dawn, but school was out for the summer so I didn't fret getting up early with little or no sleep. How could I ask Dad what he was gonna do with me? Would he get mad and lock me up tomorrow? And Mom? Why'd she have to be such a lush? Back in the hospital again, liver stuff. Dad went to court and got "Custody." I moved back in with him. Back in our old house. Too big for just him, but it had been in the family for years and was paid for. He only used the guest bedroom and the bathroom. The TV was by his bed. The living room, dining room, den, and two other bedrooms went untouched since Mom and I moved out. She left Dad after he threw her into a cold shower one night. She came home real drunk from Bingo and Dad went wild. She broke his wrist in the shower. The judge said she was entitled to "alimony", and a place to live, and me. Dad paid it all. His asphalt business was growing now that there were things called Malls that needed hot topping. I saw him on Sundays. We went to the movies, played ball, rode bikes—all the stuff that didn't take much talk. Then he'd hug me and drop me off at the one bedroom apartment Ma and me lived in. This went on for four years. Ma's drinking got worse. He took me on Saturdays and Sundays. Then it got to be he'd pick me up after school. Friday afternoons take me to his house and I'd leave for school Monday mornings. He talked more, but still I called him ol' Stone Face, like the mountain in New Hampshire. He took me to see it one week-end. It was a five hour drive from Melrose, Massachusetts. The radio filled in most of the air space. Dad only talked about TV shows, my grades in school. They got pretty pushy 'bout what they want outa yuh. He never told me what it was they wanted. I thought it was money or attention.

Ma got worse and worse. Finally she got so bad I found her passed out in the kitchen table, an overturned can of soup opened next to her with a spoon sticking out of it. I was afraid she wouldn't wake up, even after I shook her for almost a half hour. I called Dad. He musta flown over—he was



there so fast! His pick-up screeched onto the front lawn of our building and he jumped out. The motor was still running. He thudded in, scooped up Ma, and hollered "Follow me!" I got into the bed of the pick-up. He sat Ma in the front seat. We roared to the hospital. Next thin I knew, I was "in custody"

A noise...like feet padding down the hall...little feet. In the dark June night with only the sound of crickets outside, any noise was unusual. It was coming from Dad's room. Did he leave the TV on again? I stood up, still shuddering

with the fears of imprisonment. I tiptoed. The floors. Solid as stone, didn't creak. No TV glow in Dad's room. So it couldn't be the TV making the little thwap-thwap noises. Then I heard Dad's heavy chest heaving sighs. I got down on my hands and knees. Dad had a little night-light plugged in by the side of the bed so he wouldn't walk into the TV in the dark (again). That was just enough of a glow behind his head for me to see his fat horn waving between his hairy thighs, and his hard fist slapping the shit out of it. He still had his jock on. He always

slept in a jock. "Keeps yer nuts in place so yuh don't roll over in yer sleep and squash 'em," he'd told me. I wore one as soon as I got hair in my cock. Just to be like my Dad. But no way was my hard-on as long and fat as his was. 'Course in the dim, glow and form my kneeling position, it probably looked a lot bigger. Dad's whipping of his flesh-pole got faster and faster. His balls flopped out the sides of the stretched jock. God, he was covered with hair down there!

And then it happened. His spurting

cockhead shot streamers of sperm into the air and onto his hard belly. It gobbled in his "love trail" of belly hairs. His legs kept scissoring for a few seconds and then he collapsed. But his boner still bobbed in the night-light's glow. After a few seconds, he slid off his jock. Shit, even his ass had hair on it! I could see it when he raised his legs to peel off the jock. He wiped his belly with the jock, sopping up the pearly glue. He started to get up. I panicked. If he caught me there on my knees, I'd go to prison for sure. I stood, and quickly turned towards the bathroom door. Dad lumbered up behind me, then bumped right into me, hard-on first, in the dark. "Whooooaa!" he hooted, a laughing. "It's you!" Thank god, he laughed.

"Sorry Pal, I didn't see yuh...whatcha doin' up...and in the dark?" He figured I couldn't see his hard-on in the dark hall but I could smell it. Sweet with cum dribbling out the slit, "I couldn't sleep...I hadda piss...I got lost in the dark." He turned towards the door with his hands on my shoulders. He opened the door and switched on the light, then gently shoved me in and closed the door. I didn't dare turn around. And I'm sure he was glad I didn't. I went to the toilet and sat. My hard-on rose up fast, and with barely ten swipes, I shot into the air. The smell of my old man's bone still hung in my mind and grew. Like an icicle on a rain spout it grew hard and long in my memory.

Next morning, while Dad was showering for work, I went to his room to see where his jock was. It hung on the door knob. It was stiff with his cum and piss drops. I took it to my room, and buried my face in it. Again, in less than ten swipes, my cock shot a load, and I knew what was up for me. I was in love with my father and I would be punished by being locked up "in custody." I crept down the hall and replaced the sacred cloth!! I heard the shower water stop and the door knob shimmy. I heard Dad walk back inside the bathroom the door still open. I heard the sink water run, I heard fabric being rinsed and squeezed. He was washing his jock out.

I heard him walk to his bedroom. Drawers opened and closed. Boots hit the floor. Laces squeaked tight. A zipper slithered shut. He was dressed. A slight depression ran through me. He wasn't naked anymore. I heard him come down the hall and pause at my doorway.

"Yup?" he whispered. I rolled over. At least his chest was still bare. "Uh huh," I sleepily rubbed my eyes, feigning drowsiness. "I called the grocer. They're sending the week's order 'round noon. Make sure you don't go out 'til it gets here, 'OK Pup?" I nodded, "Kay...stay outa the sun!" "YEAH...only when it rains, bub. Enjoy yer vacation...got a job for you in two weeks." He raised a thumb to me and bombed down the stairs.

I jumped out of bed so hard my heels hurt when they hit the bare wood floor! I ran for his room. There it was. The jock. Wet and dripping on his door knob! I gave it a tight squeeze and stuck my tongue to it. The last few drops of moisture spurted into my mouth. Talk about Holy Water! Then I ran back to bed, not swallowing. I slammed my meat and as soon as I was ready to cum, I swallowed the nectar of my ol' mans nuts.

It was very strange how he never mentioned Ma. Not since the day we moved into the apartment, four years ago. Even now, with her drying out in the hospital, he never mentioned her. Never asked how she was. I knew he called the hospital because Ma told me later, but he never mentioned it to me. It was like she didn't exist. There was just him and me.

True to his promise, Dad did have a job for me two weeks later. By that time I had his nightly beating off ritual down pat. I knew when he beat off and how quick he'd get up afterwards to piss. He'd beat off to go to sleep, then he wake up in the middle of the night to piss, and beat off again. A regular cum-factory!

Some nights he'd look at porno books while he played with his cock. I liked that. It meant he'd take longer to play with his meat, and the show was a long one. Very long. I estimated that his hand was about four inches wide across the knuckles, and it took two fist to cover his cock shaft. That meant at least eight inches, and still his fat mushroom cock-head stuck out over the top of his fist! His balls hung down between the cheeks of his ass and rubbed against his hairy asshole. His jock's leg straps squeezed his balls in shiny, purple, cum-bloated spheres. His sweaty crotch sent heady tart smells out into the small bedroom's air. (It was the guest room. I slept in the room I had as a kid. The room he and Ma

slept in had gone untouched since we left the house four years ago. This small room where he beat off was right next to the bathroom and that's why he liked it.) I knew he'd be ready to cum when he'd drop the magazine. He'd close his eyes, whip his meat faster and buck his body into the air for the last set of strokes. He never disappointed me. Always a thick full load popped out his piss slit, and always onto his hairy belly. I had time to make it back to my room before he'd wipe off the cum and walk to the bathroom to piss. And always he'd come by my room to check on me. And every morning I'd shoot a load with Dad's cum-soaked cock-pouch over my face. I licked some off, careful not to wet it too much or he'd notice that when he'd wash it off after his shower. I nursed the fabric gently, getting more smells than juice. I always came faster with the smell of Dad's cum in my nostrils. I beat off without his jock sometimes, just thinking about him. But it wasn't the same. His cum was the incense that charmed my hard-on into erupting.

"You'll be driving that," Dad pointed to the small steam-roller he used to flatten the macadam. "Make sure you keep yer hat on, too, or that blond scalp o' yers will bake in the sun." Dad cautioned me. He was always naked to the waist in the summer. His chest wasn't nearly so hairy as his legs, balls, and ass, but it still had lotsa black coils that would bleach to red in the summer sun. The breezes, few as they were would make the silky fur on his chest billow, and the reek of him filled my crotch with tingles.

All summer I drove the beast, and all summer I watched Dad's hard-on shoot it's pudding twice a day. All summer long I sucked cum out of my Dad's cod-piece. I got tanner and bigger and blonder. Dad was always the same. Beautiful, horny, and quiet.

It was an idyllic summer that could have gone on forever for me. It didn't. It got better as summer ended. Content with my nightly and early morning glimpses of man-meat and cum, and licking dried crystals of his sperm, I felt more and more love for him when we worked together. He even began to talk more. In late August, just before my eighteenth birthday, Dad gave me my first beer. We'd finally finished a 2,000 car-parking-lot. "If you can earn a living you can have a beer...or two," Dad

gnined at me and pulled my ear. His touches were so rare that gooseflesh rose on my arm. "Chilly?" he asked. "Nope...that beer's drippin' on me and it's cold," I lied.

We were sitting in rockers in the wide screened-in porch Dad built a year ago. "Been a long time since I wanted to sit out here," he said softly, staring up at the huge sycamores around our house. "Guess I hadda have someone worth settin' with. You work good, Rich, no complaining" and he squeezed the back of my neck. More gooseflesh. "Better finish that beer...it'll warm y'up and get ridda those goose-bumps," his smile widened at me. Framed by a dark day's growth of beard, his beer-moist lips and shiny white teeth were like lamp post on a lonely road for me. I could get lost down that road.

"Dad," I finally had the courage to ask, "You are'n't gonna put me away, then?" He rocked forward and laughed. "WHHHAAAA? Put you AWAY? WHERE? Fer Chnsakes, where'd you get an idea like that?" "Well," I searched for words, "the definition of custody can mean being in prison." He rocked backwards so hard I thought he'd fall over. "HOLY SHIT! I swear books are good for some things, but they gotta be used right! Custody means I get to keep you all to myself...and take care of you." I felt tears swell in my eyes. "Y' mean I won't be going back to Ma...even after she gets outa the hospital?" I could only hope. "Nope. not this time. I got custody, 'cause she...can't take car o' yuh. Can't even take care of herself, poor woman. Even if she went for the cure, you'd still be mine. Only helped for a while. When she went back on the sauce, I put her in the shower, and that's when she broke her wrist. Judge felt sorry for her and you were given to her. Guess as a consolation prize. But I wanted you back. Any way I could. No life for a smart boy like you livin' with a woman who...who's sick like that. She's gotta have someone help her. I ain't that person." He said more in those few sentences about Ma that he had in ten years. "Guess I gotta take a lotta the blame. I worked a lot. Made a business. Figured makin' a home and raisin' you would be enough for her. Wasn't." He sipped and looked up over his shoulder at me. Here he was the Daddy, but he was at my feet looking up for understanding from me, the son.

I put my hand on his back curly hair

and gripped him, "You were always right there when I needed anything. You done your best." I hugged his thick neck with one arm, my beer gripped in my other hand. I rested my head against his. It seemed twice as large as mine, and he smelled so good from his shower. "Nope," he nodded, "I didn't, lost interest in love-makin' not long after you come along. My hand felt much better on my cock. Not her fault. No one ever taught her to...well, no one taught her." I didn't know what she was supposed to have learned. "But no way in hell am I sendin' you away Pup. No fuckin' way." He stood me up in his arms and held me close. Never had he hugged me like this. Strength and warmth flowed out of him and wrapped me in euphoric joy. I gripped his naked torso. I held tight, as if the longer I held on the more he'd love me. Then he seemed awkward. Uncomfortable. He slapped my butt then plopped down in his rocker again. "And speakin' of teachin'.. you been taught much about...well.. 'bout man and women and stuff?" Her it comes, my mind groaned. THAT talk. All the other guys in my class had heard this one just before they started High School. Dad was always a slow talker. "Some...like you gotta use safes so she don't get pregnant. If she does it the first night, she's a slut. Fuck her but don't marry her. Girls cant shoot cum, but guys can. Girls just drip." My Dad rocked and howled "You don't make it sound very appetizin'!" I grinned. "Well that's what the guys tell me. I don't think anyone of 'em done anything with a woman yet. Think they just jerk off together or somethin'" Again Dad just rocked and hooted, "Circle jerks? They still do that? Thought that you young guys didn't do that stuff anymore." "I guess...I never done it myself," I stammered, looking at the little bubbles on my beer can and thinking of the bubbles of cum on his cock slit. "Never? Do you know how?" Dad grinned, taunting me. "C'mon, Dad...this's silly." I was trying to avoid talking about sex. He was the only sex I knew or wanted. "So...if it's silly, Tell me how you do it." he insisted.

Was he taunting me? Was he trying to embarrass me? All I could feel was the flush of excitement and the fear of blurting out my secret nights with him. "Yeah...yuh grip it down here," I limited his fist movements, "then you slowly

work it up, and then you do it faster and faster and it shoots. That's it "I wouldn't look at him. All I could see in my minds eyes was his cock spewing cum into the air.

"Well you still don't make it sound too appetizing." Dad grinned.

"So," the beer was making me courageous and horny, "how do you do it?" He leaned back on the rocker. "I ain't never been good with words. I like pictures better. I saw in my mind the porn books ruffling over his surging cock. "So...show me, wise guy!" I taunted him, shocked at my bold words of defiance. His eyes opened and his furrowed brow got even more fine lines in it. I wondered if he'd belt me, even though he'd never raised an angry hand to me. His grin flashed across his face. "You're on," he hissed, "be right back." He went into the kitchen again, this time toting a bottle of Wesson Oil. "This is the secret...lube." He smiled at me. I realized that I'd never seen him grease his cock before. I only sneaked to his room, after I heard the sounds of his meat flapping. He dropped his jeans to his ankles, but didn't take them off. There it was. The jock! He poured the oil over the pouch, letting it seep through the translucent mesh fabric. "Well, drop 'trow Pail" he laughed. His meat was already surging in his pants. "Drop 'trow" was Dad's short-hand for "drop you trousers". He'd say it when I was little and he had to give me my bath. I was already almost fully hard when I stood to peel off my jeans. He handed me the Wesson Oil, "Pour."

In the dim light of the back porch I could still see every black curl on his body, every vein swelling on his cock through the thinly stretched fabric of his jock. "Make sure your hands covered with it too and yer balls." I rubbed oil into them. They were aching with raging cum for him. "Then you lean back, let yer balls swing so's they get agitated and horny," I already was. I watched, not believing he was so close to me, finally, and he knew I was watching. Had he known all along...all those nights outside his room?

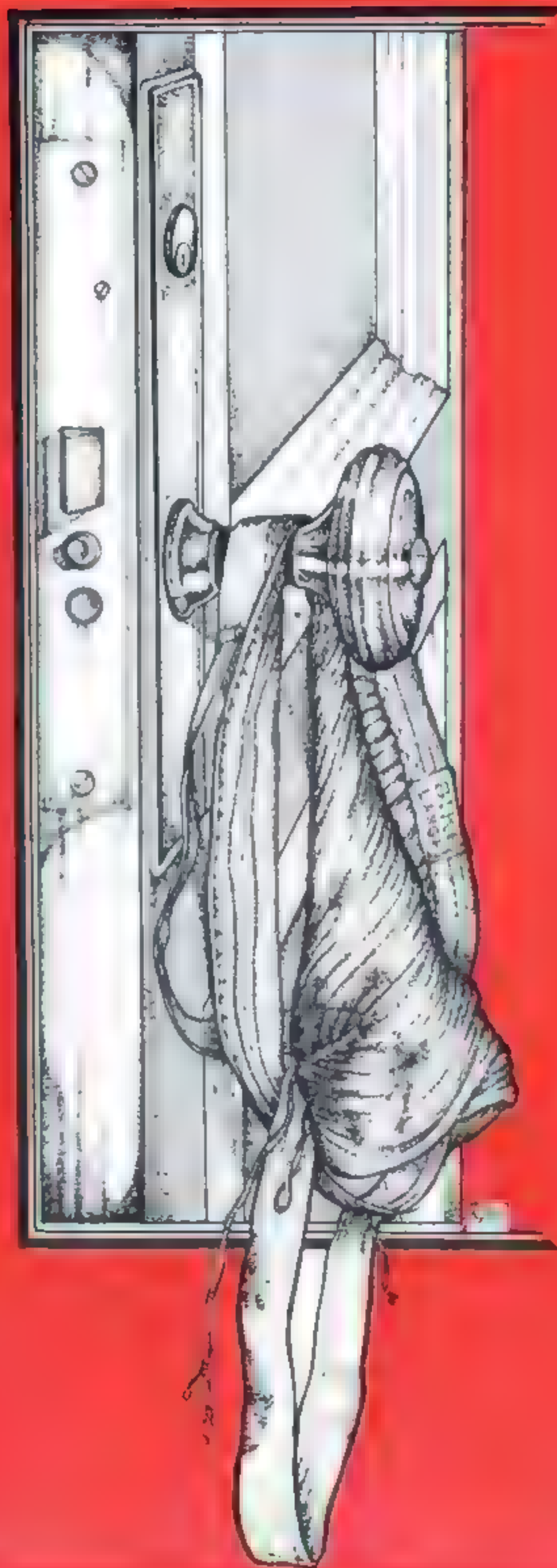
"That's it. Now wrap the waist band under yer balls and it'll make 'em swell up real big." His balls flopped over the band and swung a wide arc under his fully erect horn. One hand massaged his balls while the other massaged his cock-head. But he wasn't looking at his

own cock...he was looking at me! "You sure are your father's son, Pup, look at that big meat o' yers," he was smiling. Not leering, not teasing, not nervous...a grin of approval! Of me!" Now...like Peter Pan, yuh gotta think good thoughts. Things you like to do...and who yuh wanna do them with," he leaned back in the chair, but didn't close his eyes. He still smiled at me. "So.. do it," he whispered. I couldn't let the second pass. It might never come again. All I asked was he would push me away. Good god, could I endure that? No time to think. I was on my knees in front of him, burying my nose in his jock. He sighed and leaned the rocker back so his groin was raised to my face. "Mmmmmmmmm," was all he said.

I let go of my cock. I was afraid of shooting to soon. The smell of his balls, his cock, and his jock brought back all those deliriously happy nights watching his load of juice explode.

I nursed the fabric of his jock, finally with his ball attached to it. His cock slid across my eyes and forehead while I licked his hairy sack. I wasn't sure of what I was doing, but his gentle rocking and sighing told me I was on the right track. I licked the undersides of his shaft counting and remembering the veins I'd seen night after night. When I reached the blazing purple head of his cock it was already oozing juices. He rocked slower now, letting his cock rub across my lips.

I slipped the head in my mouth. His rocking stopped. His sighs stopped. His breathing stopped. His mouth opened but nothing came out. His eyes shut tight. Suspended there, his cock in my mouth was a moment that has never left me. He was inside me. Dream met reality. The thought became flesh. And so much of it! I slid as much of him in my mouth as I could. Then he began to breathe again. A long sigh. Then he whispered to me, gripping my sun-scorched hair. "Buddy... you're mine now. All mine." My throat opened, the gagging stopped and I could take more of him. And more. He rocked slightly, letting his cock slide up into my mouth then out again. Slowly. So slowly. His thighs coiled around me and firmly hugged my body. He rubbed them alongside my waist. Up to my ribs, pulling me closer to him, further down on his boner. My nose began to nestle in the tops of the hairs around his cock-base.



Almost. I almost had all of him. He rocked a little faster now. His huge ribcage swelled and bucked. He tugged harder at the curls at the base of my neck. "Nnnnggghhh...stop, Boy...not yet...not yet...not yet," he rasped. "Come up here...in yer ol' man's lap."

I stood, my hard-on dripping lube on his thigh hairs. "Mmm...climb on, Pup." I sat in his lap, cradled in his thick arm. He rocked me. His cock rubbed against mine, and we were the same size! I was my Daddy's boy-man! My hairless chest was singed by the heated fur on his pec's. His nipples, hard as pencil erasers, poked into my sunsensitized skin. He gripped me, but not to hurt me; only, it seemed, tight enough so I wouldn't get away. Then it happened. More than even my nighty fanatical dreams could hope for. His mouth touched mine. He kissed me. He gripped my neck now, deep churning sounds coming from his chest. He rocked my body onto him...how did that chair hold us both I wondered.

I had heard about the things guys do to each other, but hadn't ever heard that they kissed, that a rush of wind would accompany such a kiss that the soul felt like a tornado ripped through it. I hadn't heard about sexual caresses between men, fingertips grazing over hairy flesh. None of this was talked about back then. Only sucking cock and fucking ass. But this. This was what MEN did...they loved each other, too.

He began rocking longer arcs now, and I was riding his cock in dizzying swaying movements. Each surge backwards in the chair brought his cock high inside of me. Deep inside me. My cock was rasping against his "love trail" on his belly. It was too much for me. My young body was not capable of restraint. I shot over his chest and belly. He was thrusting faster now, rocking us into cock-horse-heaven. He chuckled as I shot all over him, "yeah...like father like son...thick loads...shooting...cumming. Pup...cumming...I'm...uuuhhhggggg." His cock hit even deeper. He groaned and throbbed and bucked as spasms swept through him. I knew that gobs of him were filling me. I'd seen them before, and now they were part of my guts, just as I had come from his balls.

I don't know how long we rocked and cradled each other. I soon realized my legs were cramping, all wrapped around him. And the waist band around

my jock was burning under my balls. I sat up and looked at him. He wasn't Dad anymore. He was mine. I sensed it as soon as he opened his eyes. That lidded longing, at ease with himself. "I gotta stand up...I think my legs are asleep." I whispered. He smiled and swatted my butt. "ease back off my cock...and I'll carry you to the shower." "No...I don't want you out yet...please carry me to the shower and then take it out...maybe." I giggled. It was as if we'd been rehearsing this night for years, so comfortable were we with our new roles. "You got it, Boy", he whispered. Then he stood, still cradling me in his arms. Each step up the staircase drove his cock up inside me again. By the time we hit the top of the stairs, I shot again, all over his chest. He laughed and waddled me to the bathroom. He set me down, letting his still-hard cock slide out of me. I climbed into the shower and took his hand, pulling him in with me. He started to remove his jock. "No...it's gotta be washed...while it's still on you. May I do it? I'll take care of you, now." He grinned and climbed in with me. My downy white buns made his eyes widen. "Jesus, Pup...lookit yer fuckin' tan!" He ran his armored palms over my ass cheeks, framed by my jock's straps like a gilt frame around a Rubens. He swatted and squeezed my exposed ass...all over. His rough manipulation brought goosebumps to my skin again. "That's when I knew what yuh felt wasn't kid stuff, Pal...when my touch got yer skin to sparkle like that." He turned, letting the water rush over him, rinsing my two loads off his chest. "I us'ally strip off muh ball-holder so's I kin piss in the shower", he grinned. "So...go ahead...let'er rip," I said, still stunned at how bold I'd become so quickly. I knelt and cupped his balls. I dragged a fingernail over the lip of his cock-head irritating it so it'd irrigate. It worked. Soon his cock filled the jock-pocket with running hot piss. It made little hot rivulets over my hand and down my arms. I discovered the sweetest piss is beer piss.

I soaped up his jock once his piss stopped flowing. The soap, the warm water, the relieving piss and my gentle rubbing brought his cock back to life. I stripped off the jock, rinsed it in the shower and tossed it towards the doorknob. A ringer! But with a pouch that big, who could miss? Then he

stripped my jock off and threw it on top of his. Kneeling, he took back into his mouth the cock his cock has made. My knees buckled at the thought. The eternal circle: man out man and back into man again. I could feel the cream rising to the surface of my milk bottle. "God...again...again...hhnnnnhhh." I let him know so he'd be able to pull his mouth away. But he didn't. He gnapped my hips and fucked his own mouth with my cock. My load shot and I almost fell on top of him. But his arms gripped me, rose me off the shower stall floor, and held me mid-air until the juices were drained from me. Then he set me down.

He stood. I knew my cum was still in his mouth. Could I let my tongue taste that? I had no time to wonder. He kissed me and we shared my spunk.

I stayed hard. The privilege of youthful expectation. The perpetual hard-on! I wanted to taste his cum too. But wasn't sure how to bring him off. "I want to drink you...please Sir, tell me what to do," I asked. I was pressed to my knees. He gripped his cock and began slowly wringing it in his mitt. "Now...watch it up close in bright light...watch where I touch it...watch how fast I go sometimes...then slow other times... watch, Pal...then you'll know what to do for me." The shower water poured over me, but the sweat from my body was hotter by several degrees. I watched up close that bloated beef roll taunted into red passion. I watched his movement, every place he touched himself. I memorized every movement, every fold in his ball sack, every vein, every layer of headskin. His balls swelled higher, and I knew he was ready. "Now, Pup...drink me...drink me." He firmly gripped the back of my head and I circled my lips on his shaft, tasting the salty, smoky skin of his fingers as they beat his meat into my mouth. There it was. The juice I'd only seen. And we tasted the same. Father in Son. His thick, hard legs shuddered. I held him tight. He held me...tighter. I felt every ripple of joy-juice run through him, up his legs, out his cock and into my mouth. Finally!

He slept with me that night. My room was bigger. And so was the bed. It took me three years for him to agree to painting and fixing up the master bedroom, for us. And now it lives up to its name. Master bedroom.

Show you a good time Mister?

AUSTRALIA

By Christopher Ross, Photos By Jim Wigler

...That's right Mister...for a good time dial + 61..



Well, at least that's the national code for an island continent just 12 hours away from Los Angeles and waiting to welcome you...or so the brochures say.



Australia is about the size of the continental United States with the major part of the inland area being desert. It is not surprising that the bulk of its population clings to the east coast.

When you come to visit, plan in advance and allow adequate time to do

all the people (or things) you can and experience the vastness of this continent. As a guide, it takes 1 hour 15 minutes to fly Brisbane-Sydney; 1 hour Sydney-Melbourne, 2 hours Sydney-Adelaide, and 4 hours Sydney to Perth

Visas are generally issued for 1 month or up to 3 months and less

frequently for 6 months. Depending upon the workload at the Consulate office, it can take 3 weeks for your passport to be returned to you.

United Airlines offers daily service from major cities via the LA gateway to Sydney and on to Brisbane with additional flights to Melbourne via Auckland, New Zealand.

United has a partner airline, Ansett Australia, who provides for your domestic needs. (Incidentally, miles accrued on Ansett are credited at 70% value to your Mileage Plus Account).

Northwest Airlines offers flights from LA to Sydney on a daily basis.

Qantas (the Australian National Carrier) provides daily service from San Francisco and LA to Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne. Following a recent change to national airline policy, Qantas now flies domestically and provides services to all Australian cities and most country centres.

Which ever airline you choose, it will take you 12 hours or so to get here.

Most gay life focuses around the cosmopolitan city of Sydney (state capital of New South Wales) and the more conservative Melbourne (state capital of Victoria).

You'll find that although the Australian Government is fairly easy-going, there are a few prohibited items that should not be brought into the country like handcuffs, poppers, etc. Just the possession of these is prohibited. So be careful what you pack. You could be strip-searched at Customs (and some of the Customs officers are not pretty).

SYDNEY

The Golden Mile is often the name given to the major gay area of

the city. It describes Oxford Street and, although the gold is slightly tarnished, we still claim it as ours.

Stronghold is a neighborhood bar located 800 yards from the Golden Mile. Stronghold is at its best Thursday through Sunday from 10pm when it becomes very cruisey. It's a bar where you can be who you want to be right through until late.

The bar caters for a variety of tastes (not many preppies - if any at all) who like their music in the background, good priced beer and great atmosphere, it has even become



the unofficial meeting place of the 'leatherazi' of the city. The atmosphere of this bar makes this a must.

No trip to Sydney would be complete without at least one visit to The Den on Oxford Street. Here in a relaxed club-style atmosphere you can play pool, cruise, find a booth, cruise, say G'Day to an Aussie, cruise, use a private room, cruise, etc. It is open all week and operates continuously from Friday through Sunday.

The Oxford Hotel is located at the top of the Golden Mile at Taylor Square and provides a busy bar atmosphere with driving music on most nights. Not a cruisey bar for most of the year except for Mardi Gras and Leather Pride Week when it's leather-lined.

SPMC, the South Pacific Motor Club, is Australia's oldest leather club and has its clubrooms just off Broadway at Chippendale. Open House for the community is every Friday night and there are major Leather theme parties on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. Check the local Gay Press for details.

Sydney Bondage Club is a "members only" club. It does have regular play parties which are invitation only and use private play spaces. Suggest you make contact well in advance to meet up with these guys.

Sydney is also host to Ringed Men, Marked Men, and OZ Bears all of whom host various functions throughout the year. Let them know you're coming in advance.

Mardi Gras originally started as the Australian 'Stonewall' in protest for local repression and now this celebration of Gay life is the largest tourist attraction in the country.

In 1994 it will be held in February early March. Theatre, Dance, Art Exhibitions and, of course, the odd party or two are just part of this month-long celebration which culminates in the Parade and Dance Party. The Parade itself is watched by over a million spectators, straight, gay, bi, suburban and the urbane as it winds its way to the Part Venue, over a 2.5 mile route.

Leather-for-days, as the underground of Sydney's Leather Community, comes out for one of its 'twice yearly airings'.

When you come to Mardi Gras, plan from a copy of the Mardi Gras Guide (available from most good bookstores world wide) and plan your trip. The guide is scheduled to ship in late November early December and provides a complete program of events, contact numbers and

(continued on next page.)

accommodations information.

Now in its third year, Sydney Leather Pride Week, is scheduled to be held 8-14 May 1994 and offers a wide selection of activities for the community in a sense of celebration and camaraderie.

The typical program for the week includes regular features like Art Exhibition, specializing in homo-erotic art. Discussion forums on lifestyle and sexuality, a major Dance Party and the highly successful Street Fair.

Sleaze Bull is the third main function on the calendar and is essentially a major dance party. Held in late Spring, there is good cause to wear very little and have a great evening at this all-night party.

For current happenings in the city, refer to the local Gay papers the "Sydney Star Observer" or "Capital Q"

MELBOURNE

The Laird Hotel in suburban Collingwood is the premier venue for Melbourne. It provides accommodation of reasonable standard with shared facilities and continental breakfast.

Although generally a neighborhood bar, it has a great atmosphere and adopts a leather flavor on Tuesday nights when the Jackarons MC have their club nights and Thursday when Melbourne Leather Men host the evening. Both clubs have monthly events including a Sunday Beer Bust that is a great way to spend an afternoon.

Club 80 is a late night venue that provides a safe space for cruising and playing. Situated in a converted warehouse, it is located not too far from the Laird Hotel. It too has a relaxed club-style atmosphere where you can play pool, cruise, find a booth,

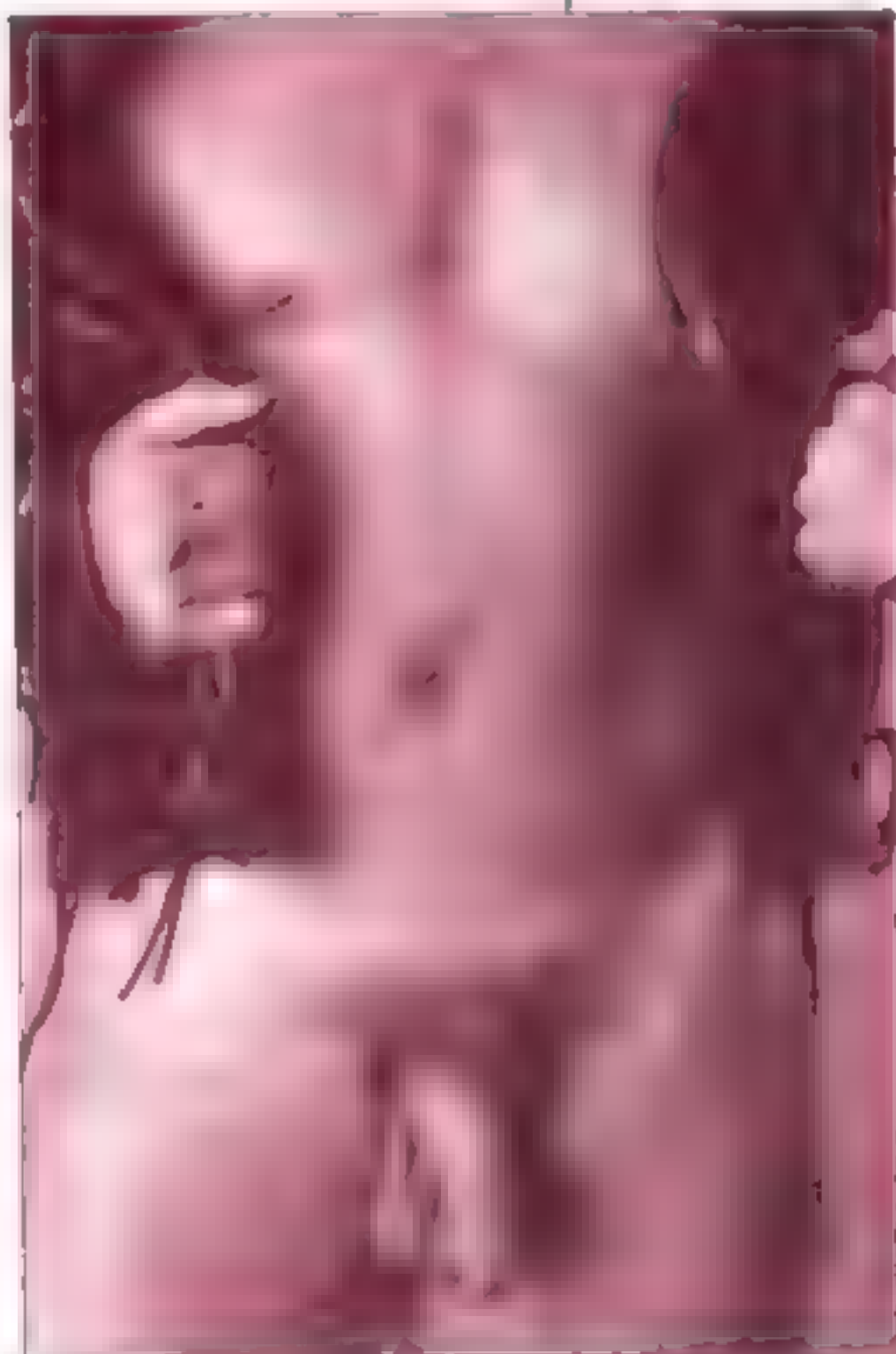
cruise, say G'Day to an Aussie, cruise, use a private room, cruise., etc. It is open late and really buzzes Friday through Sunday.

Melbourne, too, caters for the special interest with Vision SM. We recommend you make contact in advance with these long established groups.

Melbourne Leather Pride Week is scheduled for early February 1994 and offers a wide range of activities for the leather 'kink' and is certainly a great launch for your vacation. You could then follow to Mardi Gras in Sydney.

The local Gay newspaper is the "Melbourne Star Observer" which should cover the details of current happenings.

So Come on down..... and we'll show you a good time.... Aussie Style!



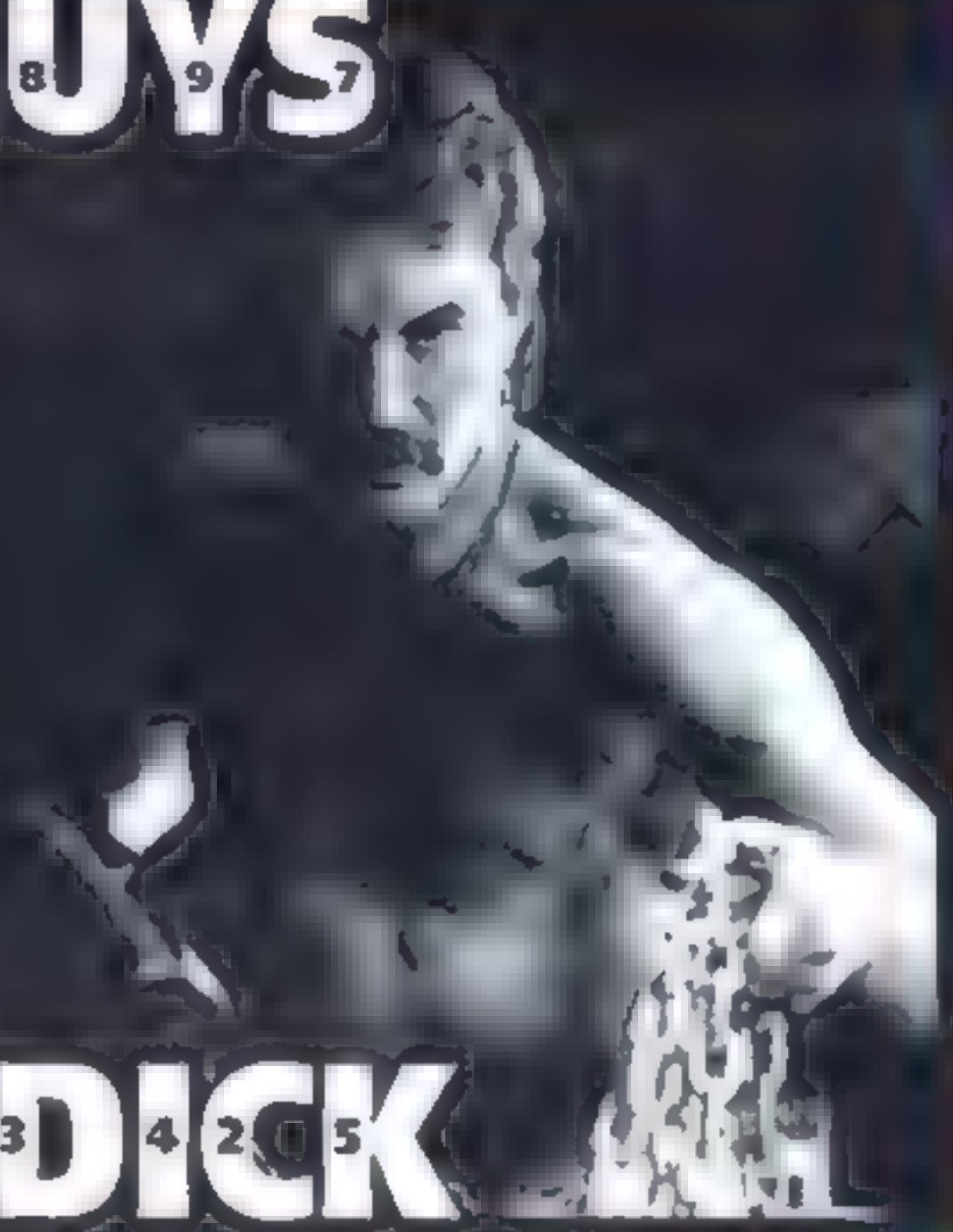
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LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



photo: The Hun

NEW MR & MS NLA PORTLAND SELECTED

The Mr/Ms. NLA Portland contest on August 15TH was one of the highlights of Portland's Leather Pride Week. The contest's MC's were K.T. Chase (Ms NLA International 1992-3) and Blade (Southwest Mr Drummer 1993). This year's impressive winners were Juli Rose and Kelly Farns who will represent the Portland area for the coming year. The most

popular event of the evening was a "Kit Bondage" contest. Five kits were available for sale at \$5 each. After purchase the five couples put their bondage knowledge to work, creating some very interesting "human packages". The prize was the \$25 collected from selling the kits. The winner was Al D., Mr Washington Drummer 1990, who tied up his boyfriend, Larry Seal. He donated the \$25 prize to the Portland AIDS Hospice.

NEW SM RESOURCE BOOK

As many of you know, the legal systems in the UK as well as other European countries has come down hard and unfairly against gays and individuals who choose to practice SM activity in the privacy of their homes. "SM Gays Resource Book Number 2" has just been published containing updated advice on "SM and the Law". Because of police raids on private homes of "suspected" practitioners of SM this update includes a supplement on

"What to do if police raid your home" that gives practical advice on what authority the police have to enter your home, how to respond to their questions and what items they can legally take away as evidence. Other sections in this informative book are, *The Joy of Arseholes*, *Fisting*, and *Getting it on Film*. This book covers 54 towns and cities in 15 European countries having been revised and includes 16 new listings. Book #2 costs only 2 pounds if you buy it at an SM Gays event. These events occur every 3RD Wednesday 8PM at 5 Parkfield Street, Islington, London N1. If bought by mail order, the costs goes up to 3 pounds. If buying from the States send \$10 payable to SM Gays or SMG (at your own risk). All proceeds go to the SM Gays Benevolent Fund, established in 1991, for the aid of PWAs and those suffering persecution because of their SM sexuality. For more info, write

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FORGE 1994

LEATHER CALENDAR

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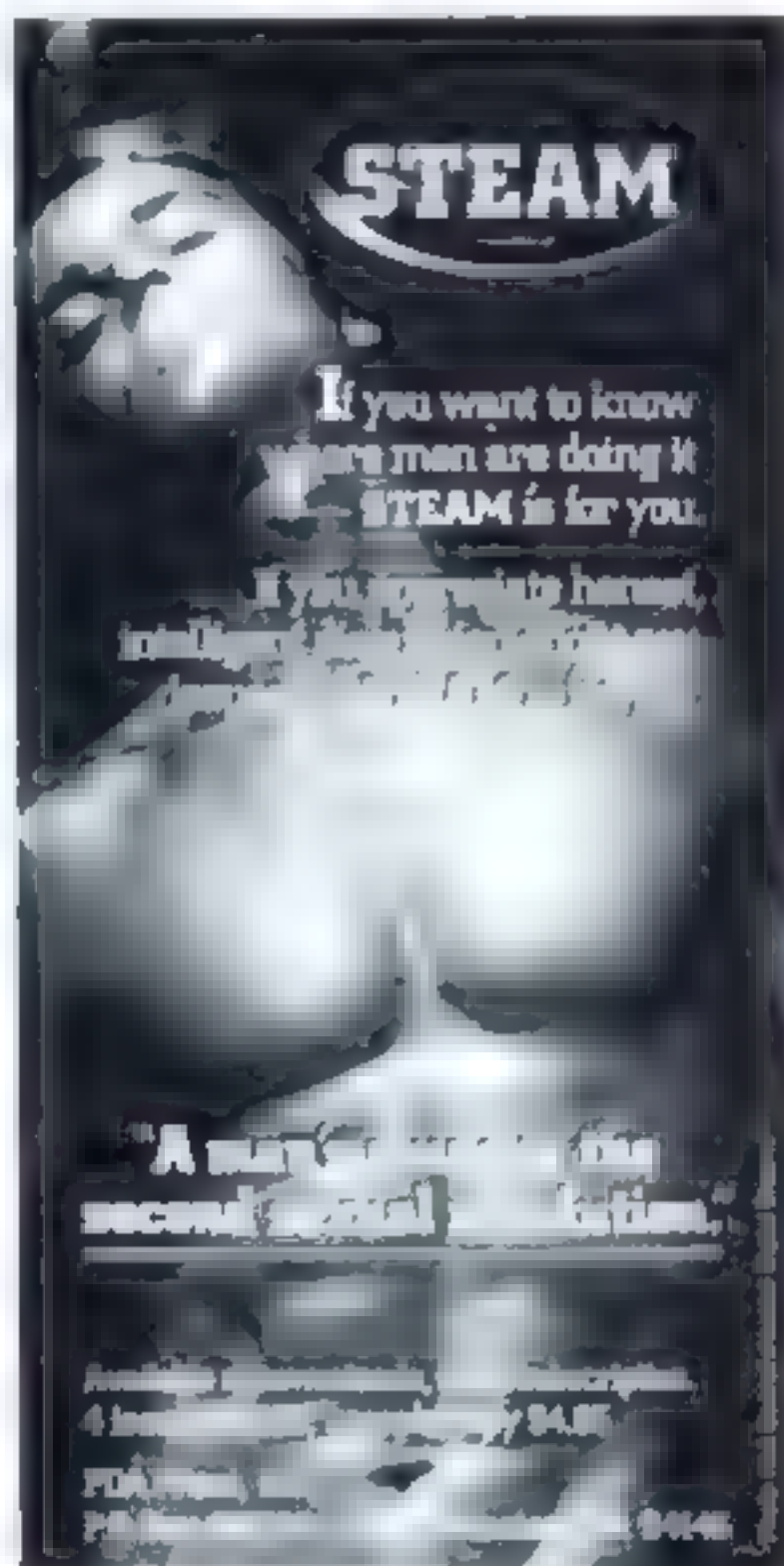
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LEATHER CALENDAR

NOVEMBER

3 - - - -

SML Club Nite / The Cuff / Seattle, WA

Wayne's Leather Rack Class / Griff's / LA, CA

5 -

11TH Anniversary Run "Sail Away 93" / Harbor Masters of Maine / Portland, ME

5 - 7

5TH Anniversary / C.O.M.M.A.N.D. / Baltimore, MD

Parthenon I / Gryphons / Dayton, OH

Prowl 5 / Panther L/L / Atlanta, GA

7 -

Bear Social / West Side Club / Norristown, PA

Rocky Mountaineers MC Charity Beer Bust / Triangle / Denver, CO

10 -

MAST's Master-slave Meets / Griff's / LA, CA

SML Club Nite / The Cuff / Seattle, WA

11 -

Kinky Couples Parties / (206) 244-4612 / Seattle, WA

11 - 13

NY Leather Weekend / GMSMA / NY, NY

12 -

Sadie Maisie Club / (call for location) / London, ENGLAND

13 -

Mr. NY Leather Contest / 208 W. 13TH St. / NY, NY

14 -

Jock Strap Party / West Side Club / Norristown, PA

16 -

Orange Co. Leather Assembly / Orange Co. Center / Garden Grove, CA

17 -

NLA-LA Outreach Nite / Griff's / LA, CA

SML Club Nite / The Cuff / Seattle, WA

19 -

TantraMan Club Nite / Chicago Eagle / Chicago, IL

20 -

Leather Shed / Motorcyclen of New Mexico / Albuquerque, NM

21 -

Drummer's Tough Customer Party / West Side Club / Norristown, PA

SML Brunch / Spag's / Seattle, WA

24 -

Avatar / LASFAS / LA, CA

Rubber Nite / Gummi / London, ENGLAND

SML Club Nite / The Cuff / Seattle, WA

26 -

Sadie Maisie Club / (call for location) / London, ENGLAND

27 -

Santa Saturday / Bucks MC / Langhorne, PA

28 -

Hanky Party / West Side Club / Norristown, PA

DECEMBER

1 -

SML Club Nite / The Cuff / Seattle, WA

3 - 5

Rodeo XVIII / Chicago Rodeo Riders / Chicago, IL

8 -

SML Club Nite / The Cuff / Seattle, WA

10 -

Blue Max MC Xmas Nite / Outpost / St. Louis, MO

Sadie Maisie Club / (call for location) / London, ENGLAND

11 -

30TH Xmas Party / Empire City MC / NYC

City Biker's Xmas Party / Denver, CO

Dungeon Demo / GMSMA / NY, NY

12 -

RMNC Xmas Party / Denver, CO

SML Club Nite / The Cuff / Seattle, WA

Pan-holiday Celebration / Kinky Couples / Seattle, WA

22 -

Rubber Nite / Gummi / London, ENGLAND

SML Club Nite / The Cuff / Seattle, WA

24 -

Sadie Maisie Club / (call for location) / London, ENGLAND

29 -

SML Club Nite / The Cuff / Seattle, WA

30 - Jan. 2

Tri-Cen X Philadelphians / MC / Philadelphia, PA

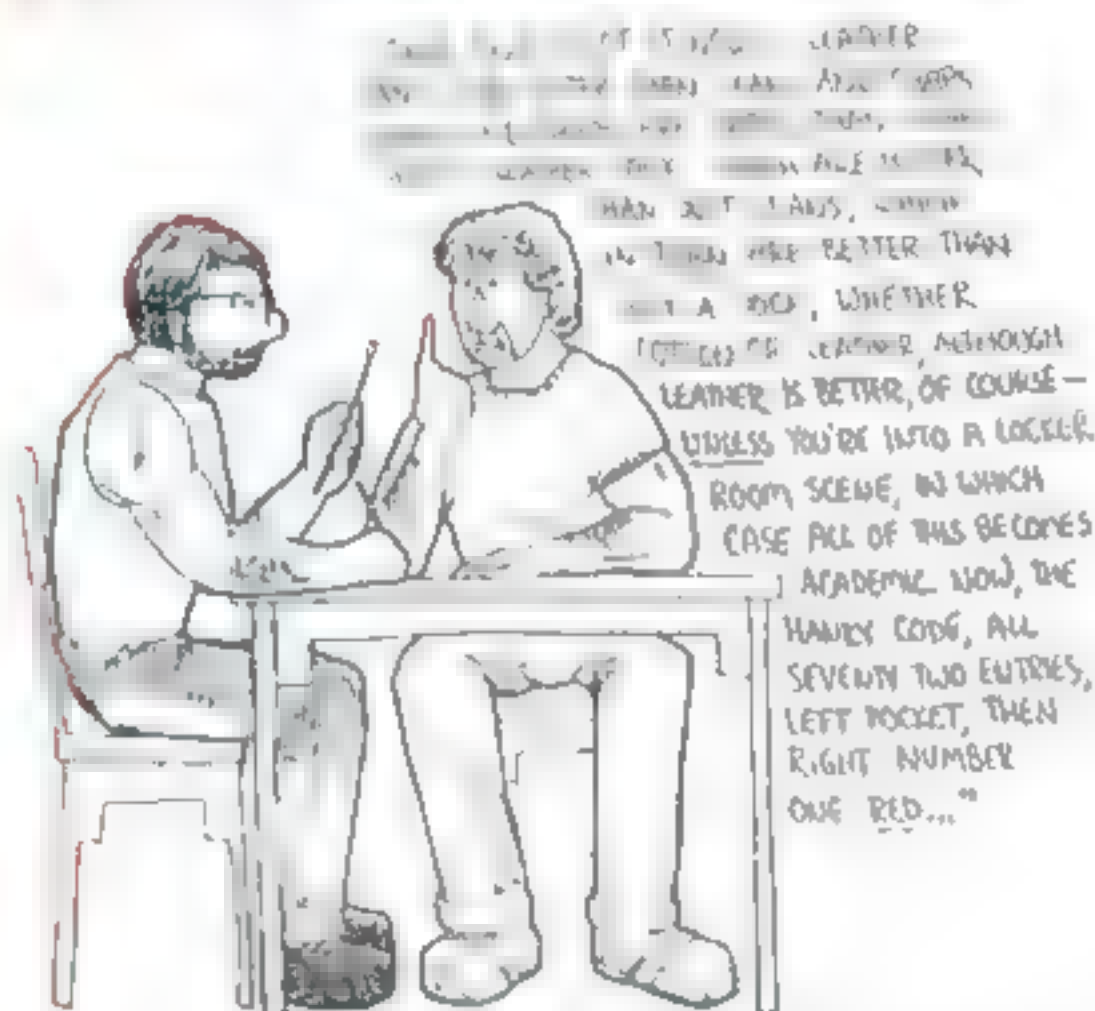
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER
1991-1993

RETURN TO MR. DRUMMER

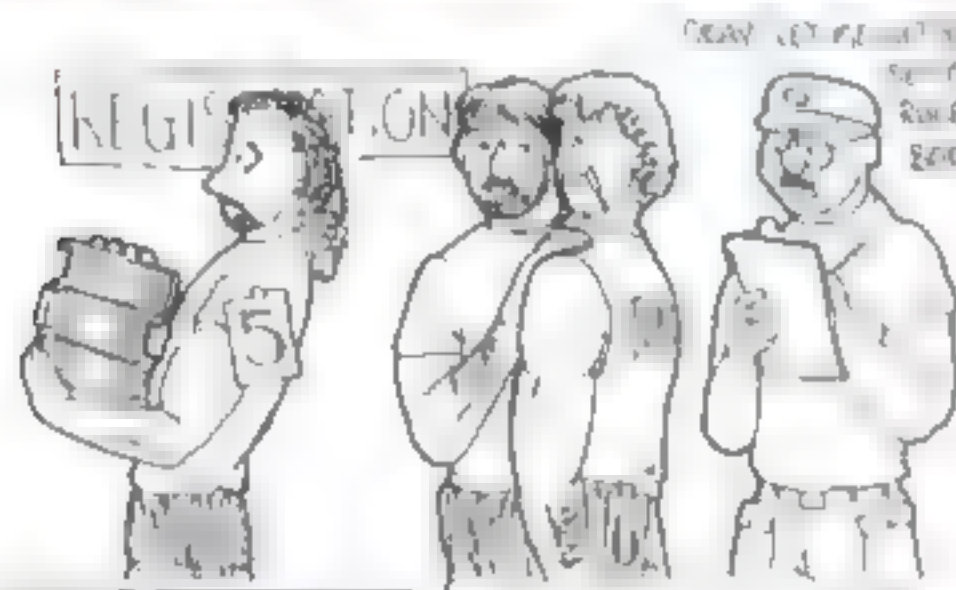
DOC TRIES AGAIN!

BY SEAN MARTIN

Dear Bob,
Well, as you may have heard, Doc did it again — he managed to win the Toronto Mr. Drummer contest, and that meant a return to the finals. This time, he said, he was doing it right, he'd have it all down pat: after lots of study, he certainly knew his leather lore

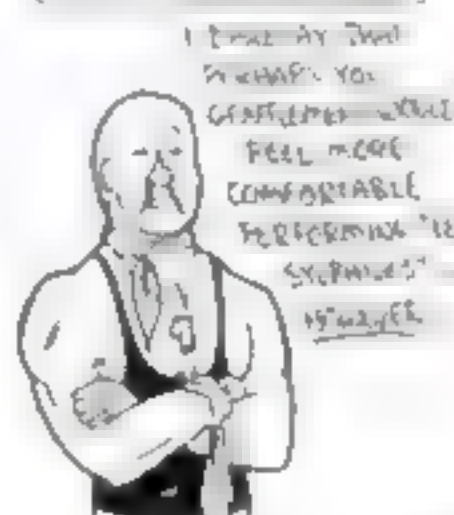


We arrived in San Francisco to a flurry of activity: registration, credentials, regulations ...



... costume fittings

... rehearsals and choreography



Then came Doc's big night...

We were in the fantasy section of the evening, and I was damned if I was doing that "human xylophone" again. Doc though otherwise, and before long, we brought our "discussion" onstage, much to our chagrin and — believe it or not — the judges' and audience's delight

AMAZING!
BRILLIANT!
ENCORE! COUP-DE-
THEATRE!

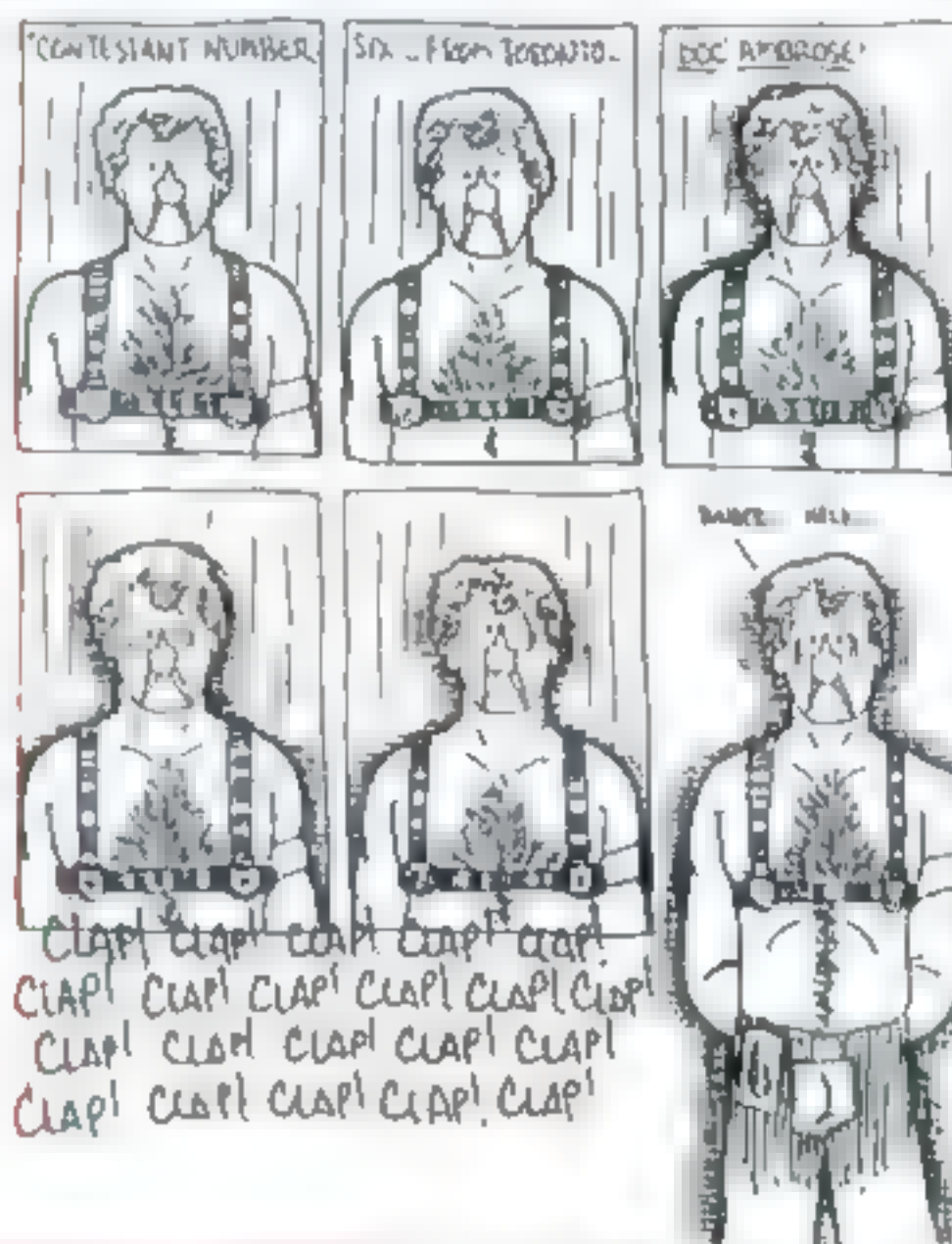


CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

It managed to score him enough points that he wound up one of the three finalists ... and I gotta tell you, it was quite a sight, seeing the all of them up there in friendship and brotherhood ...



Then came the announcement he'd been waiting for. He'd worked so hard for something that came down to a few simple words: "The International Mr. Drummer for 1993 is ..."



He'd won! God only knows how, but he'd won! And even though no one was more surprised than he, he still managed to conduct himself with aplomb ...

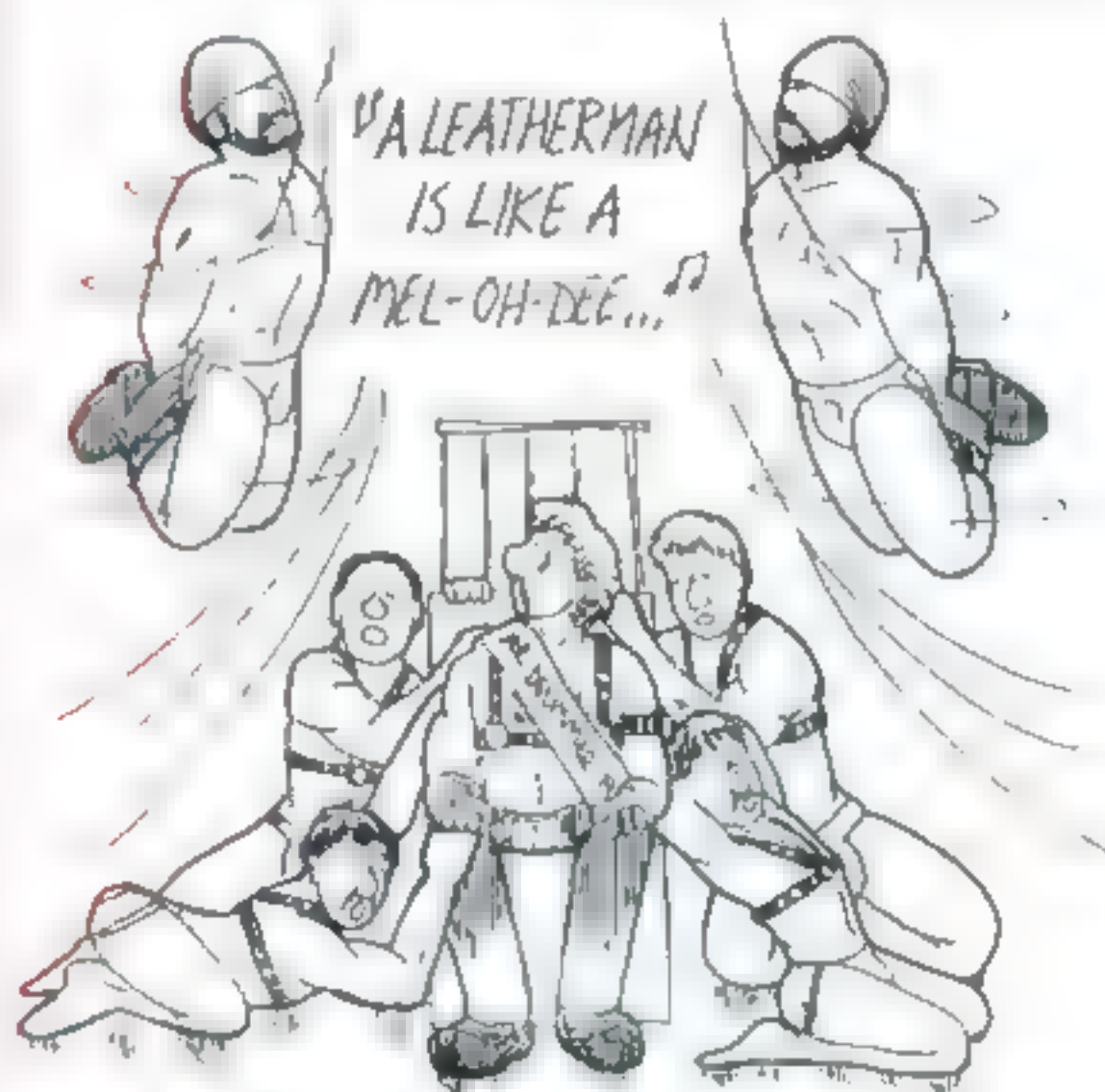


The first official piece of business was the photographing of the winner with all the current title holders in the place ...



Doc's in there someplace (I think ..) ...

followed by a huge production number congratulating Doc on his win ...



"...BODIES IN BONDAGE ALL TIED UP WITH STRING - THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS!"

... then the bestowment of prizes. To be honest, I wasn't real sure about whether he actually *needed* some of this stuff ...

... A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF CRISLO, A COMPLETE SET OF RUBBERMAID, A PORTABLE DUNGEON AND- SLUG SET, A TWO-HOUR SESSION WITH MARCUS, WREXLER FOR HIRE



The it became almost mind-numbing: interviews with the gay and lesbian media ...



WOULD YOU CLASSIFY THIS AS AN AFFIRMATION OF PERSONAL STYLE OR A MERE BEAUTY CONTEST WHOSE PARTICIPANTS POWDER TO THE BASER INSTINCTS OF JUDGES AND AN AUDIENCE WHO WOULD OTHERWISE BE SERVING THE NEEDS OF THE LARGER LESBIAN AND GAY COMMUNITIES? OR, FURTHER, WOULD YOU SEE THIS AS AN ALMOST GUERRILLA-THEATRE ACTION WHOSE "IN YOUR FACE" METHODOLOGY IS PURPOSELY DESIGNED TO AWAKEN AND CONFUSE THE MORE SEXUALLY REPRÉSSED ... AND WHAT?

... lots of networking ...

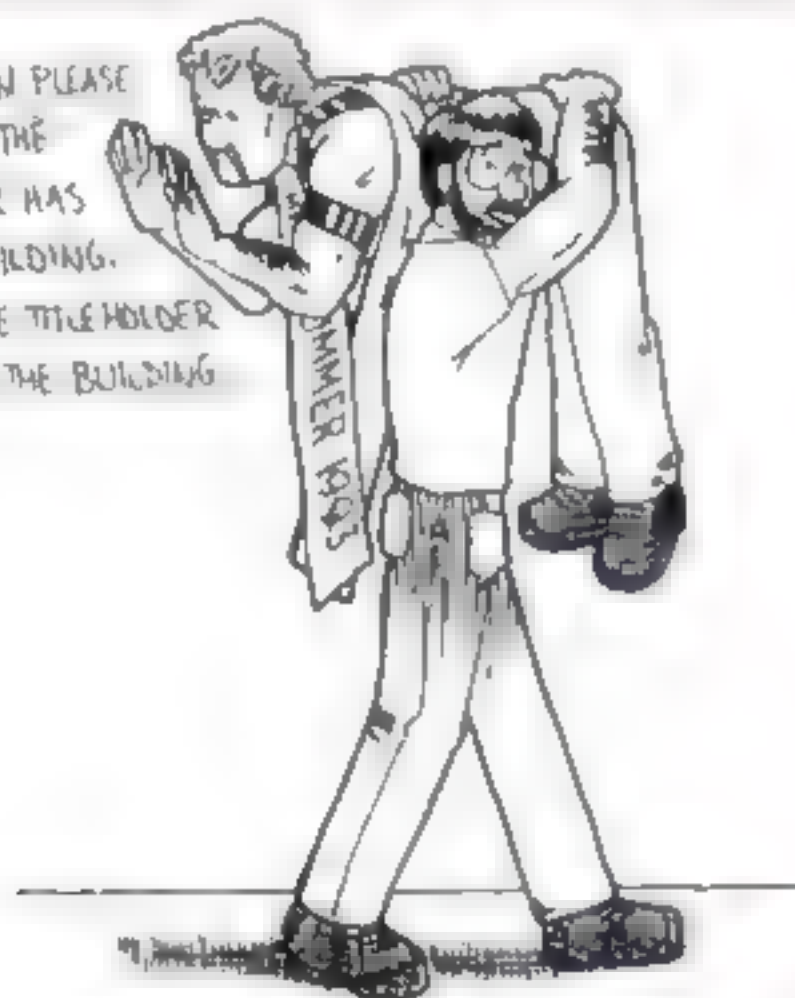
AND OF COURSE WE'LL BE SERVING AS A FINE FIGURE ENDORSEMENT FEE WITH THE COUNTRY'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOME UTENSILS...



AND IF YOU'RE 1'7" & WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME CATERING DONE

... and a huge party that went on until all hours of the night, at which point I had to get the new Mr. Drummer 1993 home and tucked into bed.

ATTENTION PLEASE
ATTENTION- THE
TITLE HOLDER HAS
LEFT THE BUILDING.
I REPEAT THE TITLE HOLDER
HAS LEFT THE BUILDING



It was indeed an exciting time, and I was so happy for Doc. It was almost like a new era of his life was about to begin, one bright and full of promise, one where anything could happen.



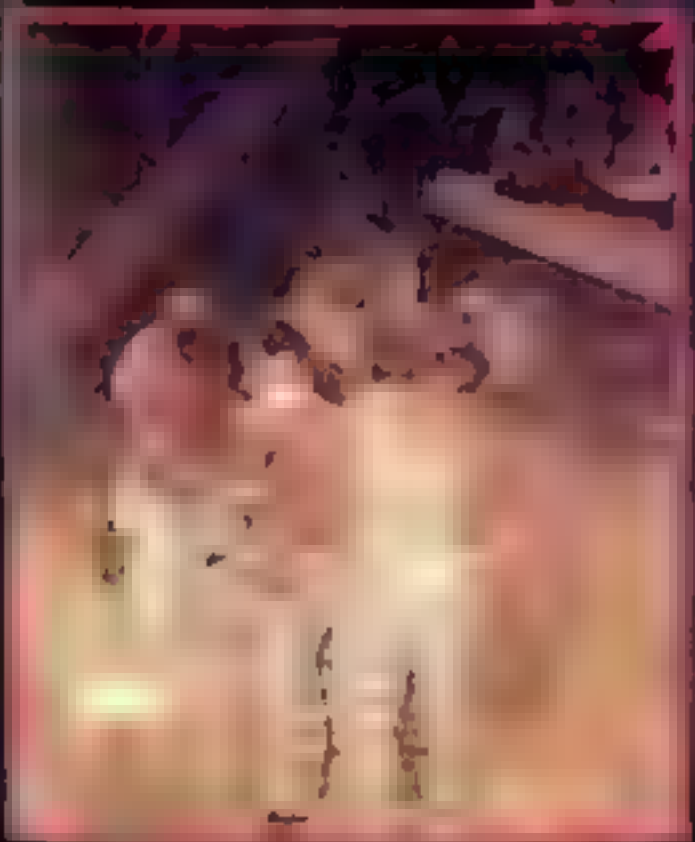
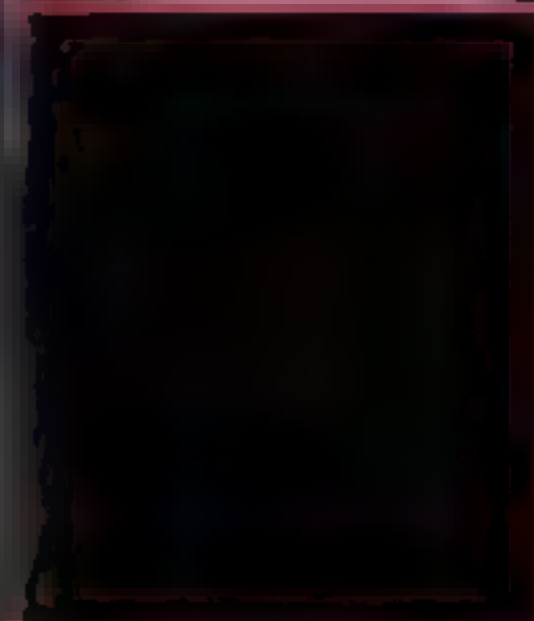
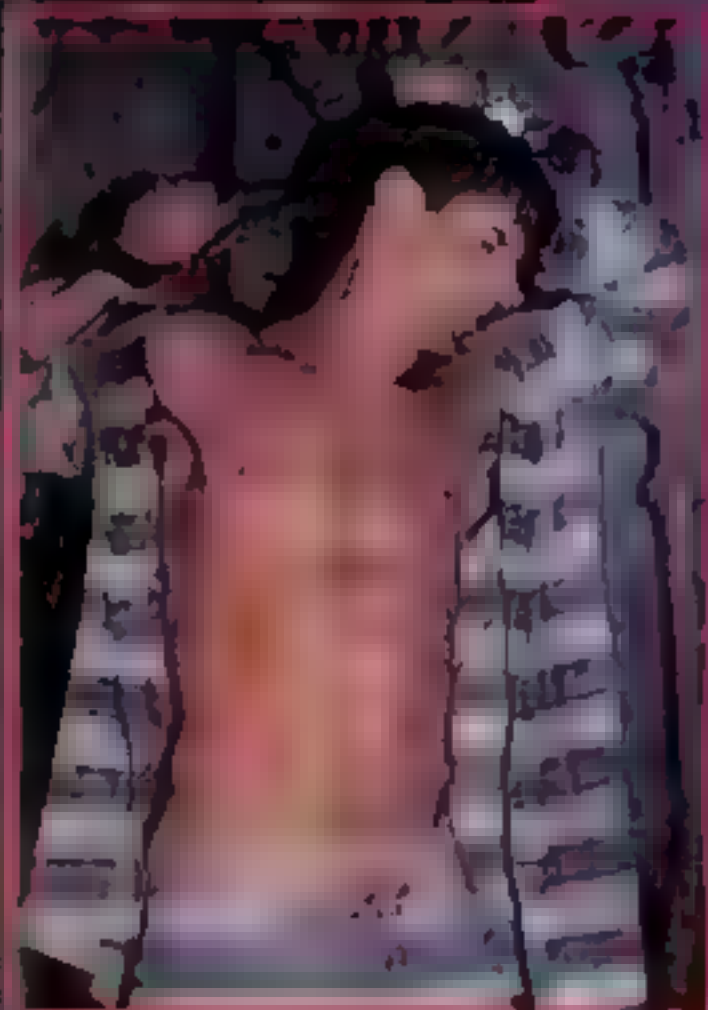
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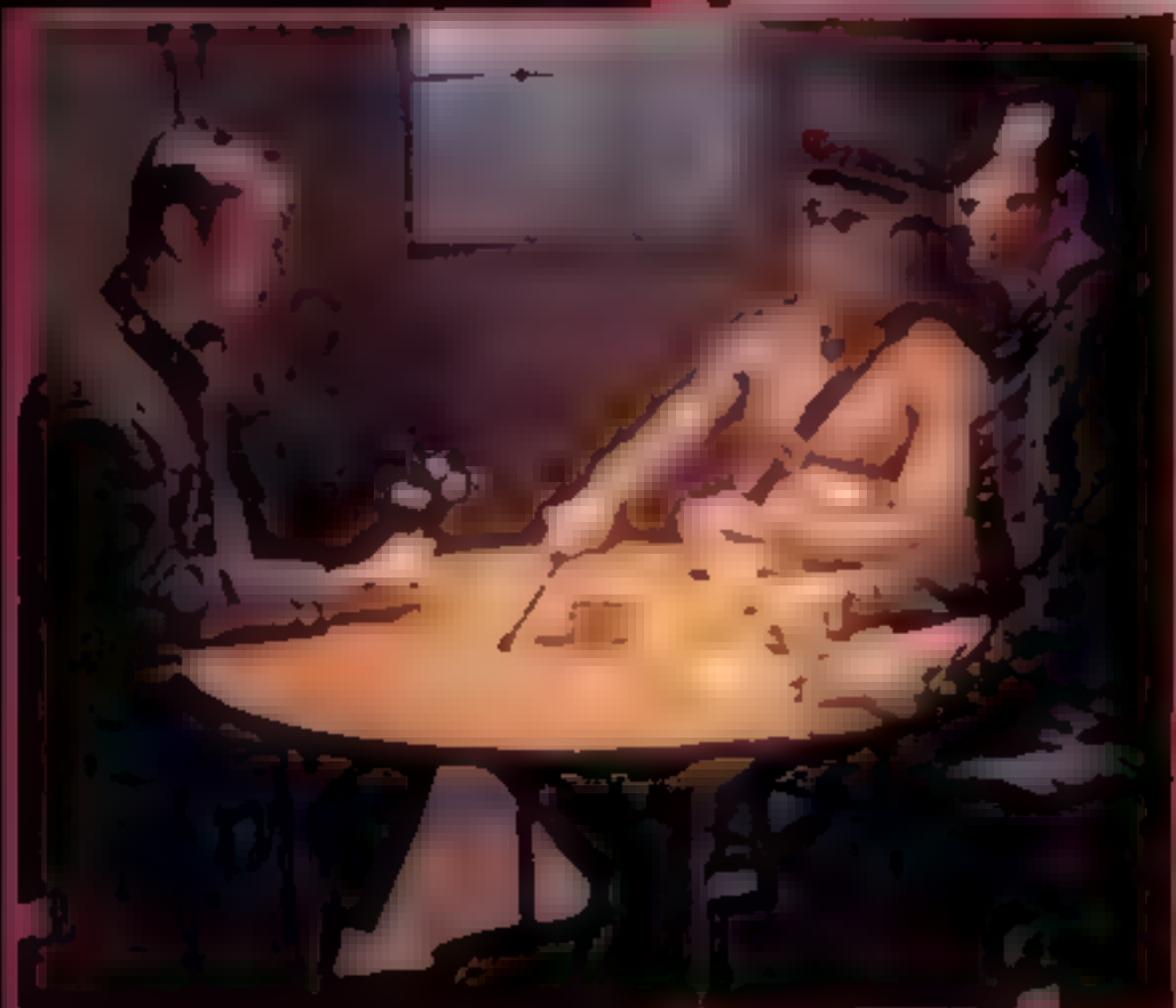
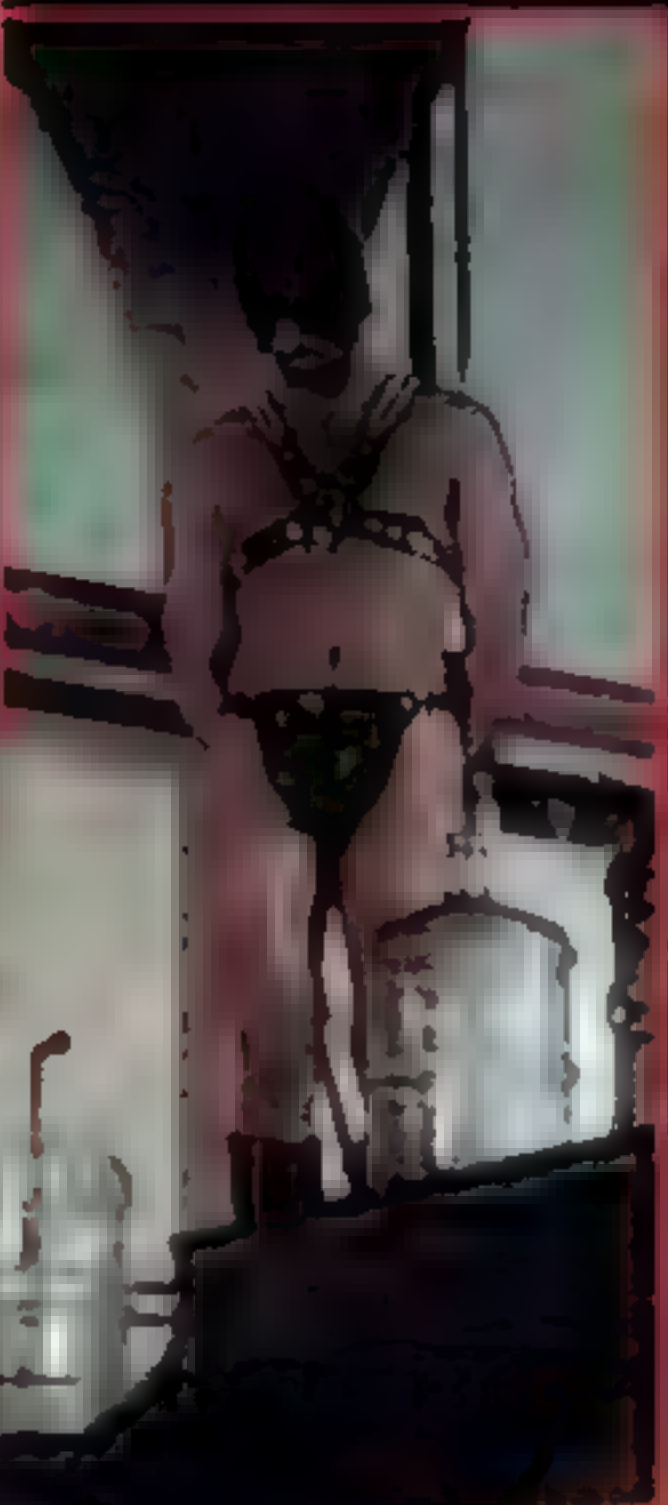
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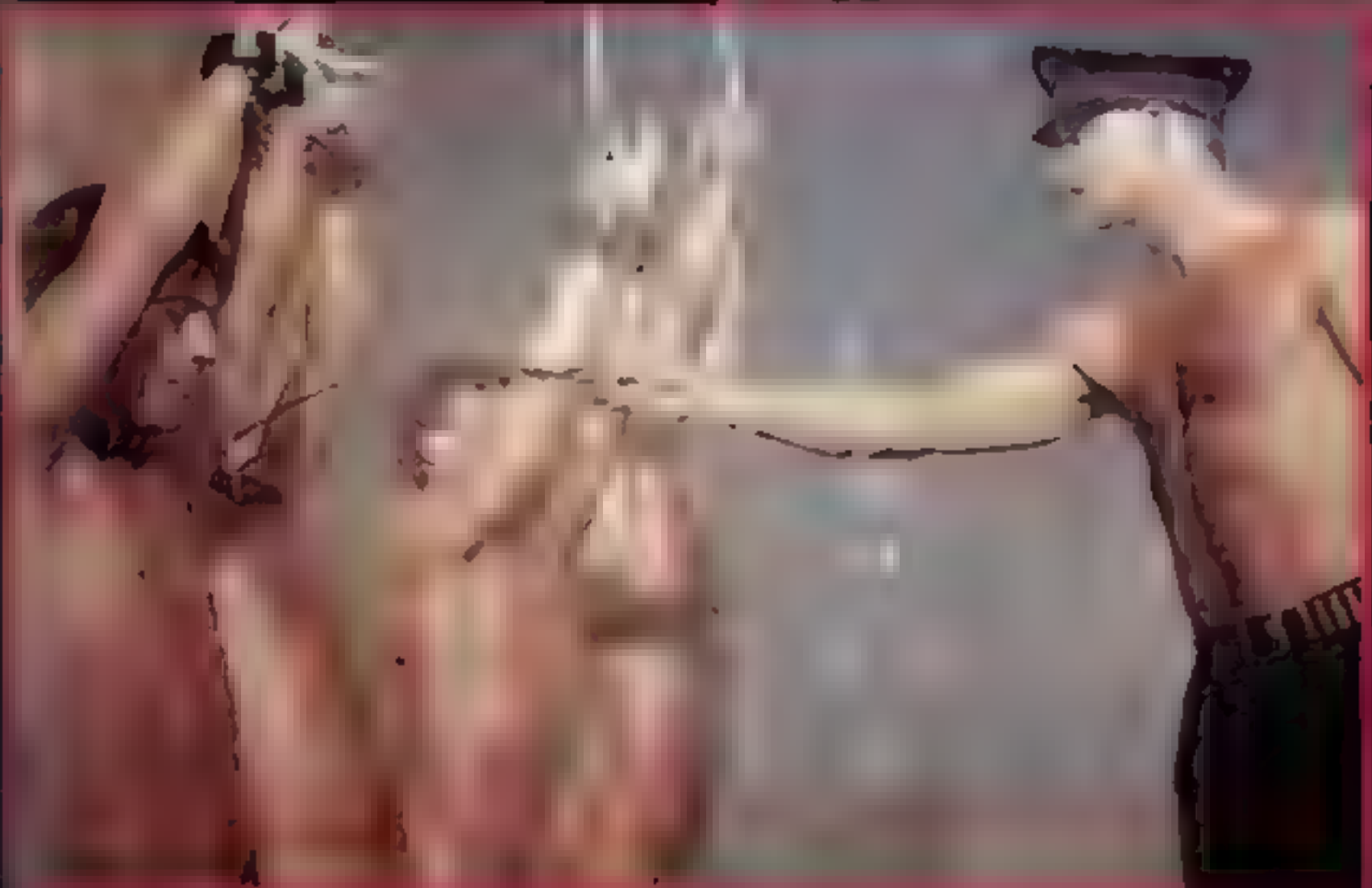
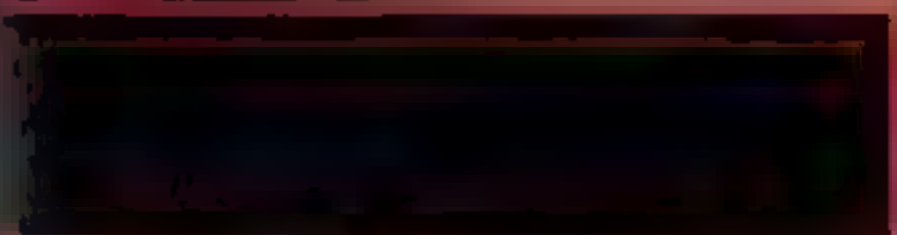
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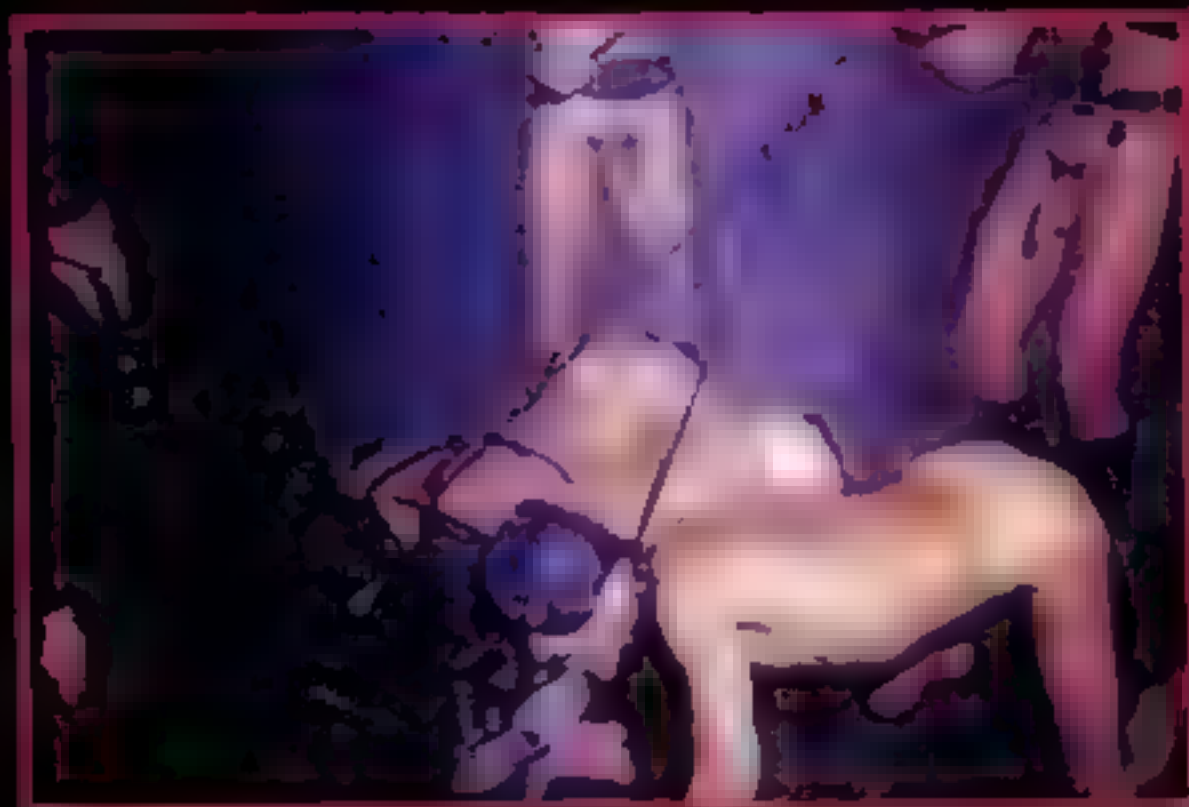
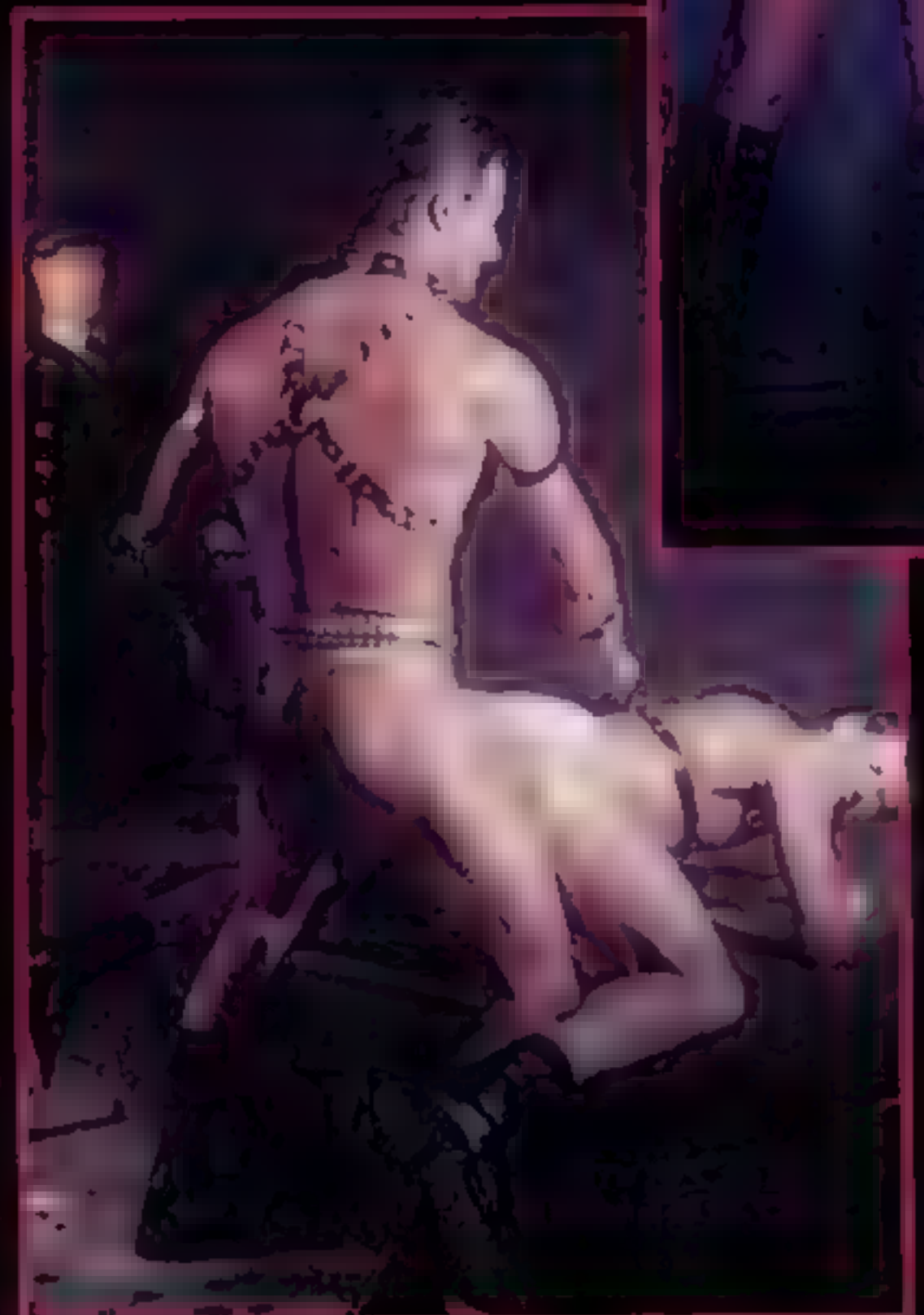
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The Man And The Wet Session

By S.J. Tedesco,
Illustrations by Ray Schulze

It is a ritual with us, like so much of what passes between a boy and his Daddy. I have followed my Daddy up to the bedroom, he has snapped his finger as he closes the door behind us, and that is my signal to strip. He busies himself in the bathroom as I stand naked and wait for him, my feet in a wide stance, hands behind me, shoulders thrust proudly, if subserviently back, the head bowed just slightly, my eyes on the floor. My prick twitches in spite of itself as I wait for him to finish in the other room.

This is always the way we begin.

I live some miles from my Daddy, and, while I come to see him as often as I can, roughly once every six weeks or so, it is not nearly so often as I would like. We live separate lives and that works for us, for a variety of reasons. But I know that when the door closes and I am naked once more, it is again the start of another special journey.

I am no small man. I stand just under six feet and weigh in at close to 220. My eyes are blue, my hair is a closely cropped dark blond, and I sport a moustache and neatly trimmed full beard. In the bars and in other situations, young men half my age approach me and address me, often with reverence, as "Daddy", in my own right.

Though thick in the middle, my frame is not disproportionate and my build is both formidable and solid. I'm in my early 40's and try to keep as much of my condition as I can with a steady routine of weightlifting, some racketball, and, in warm weather, distance cycling. The most striking feature on me is my legs, massive, muscled columns with thick calves and thighs that measure 27", firm. I've been working on my arms, and the 17" biceps strain as they are contained by my clasped wrists, the 48" barrel chest thrust forward.

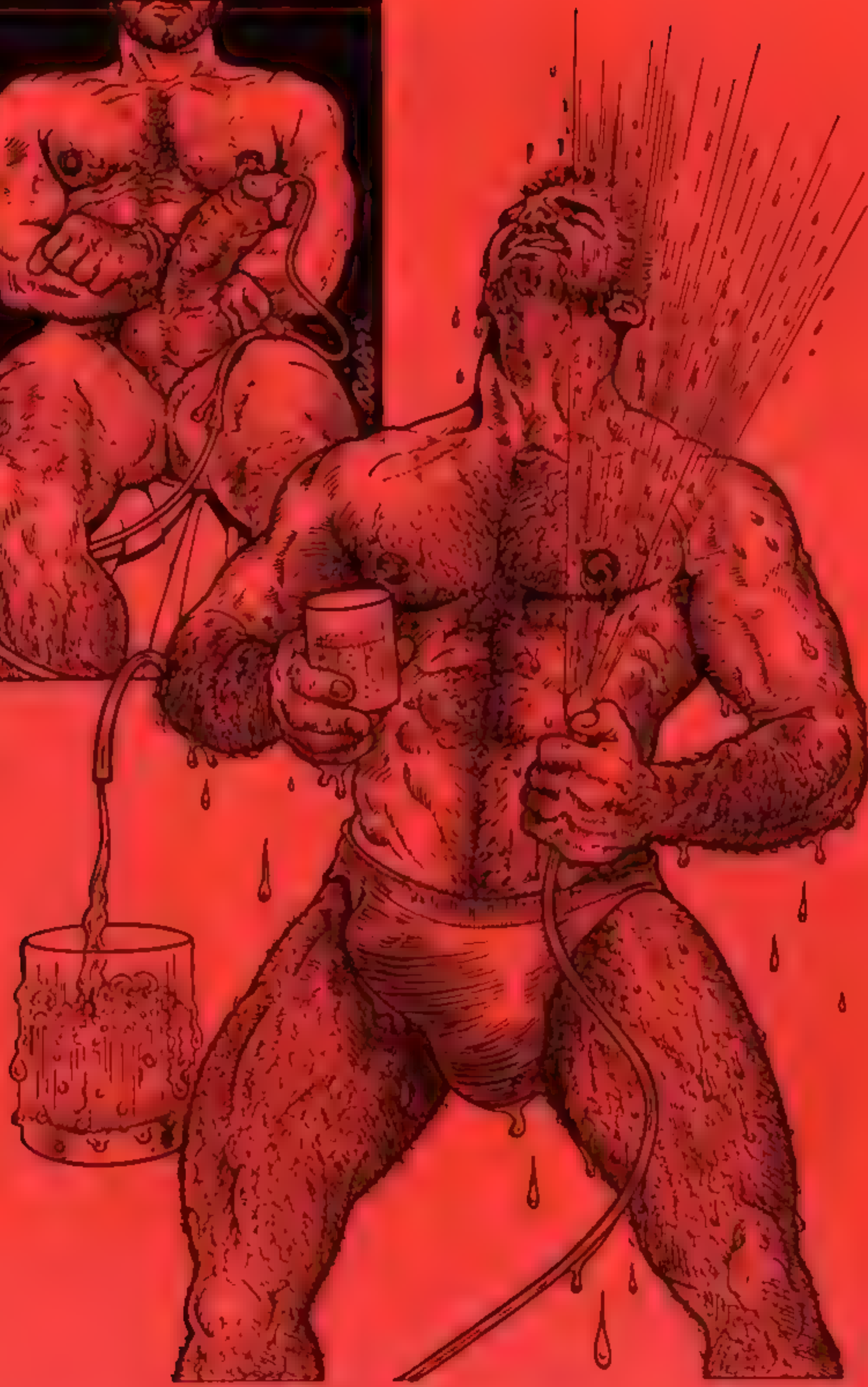
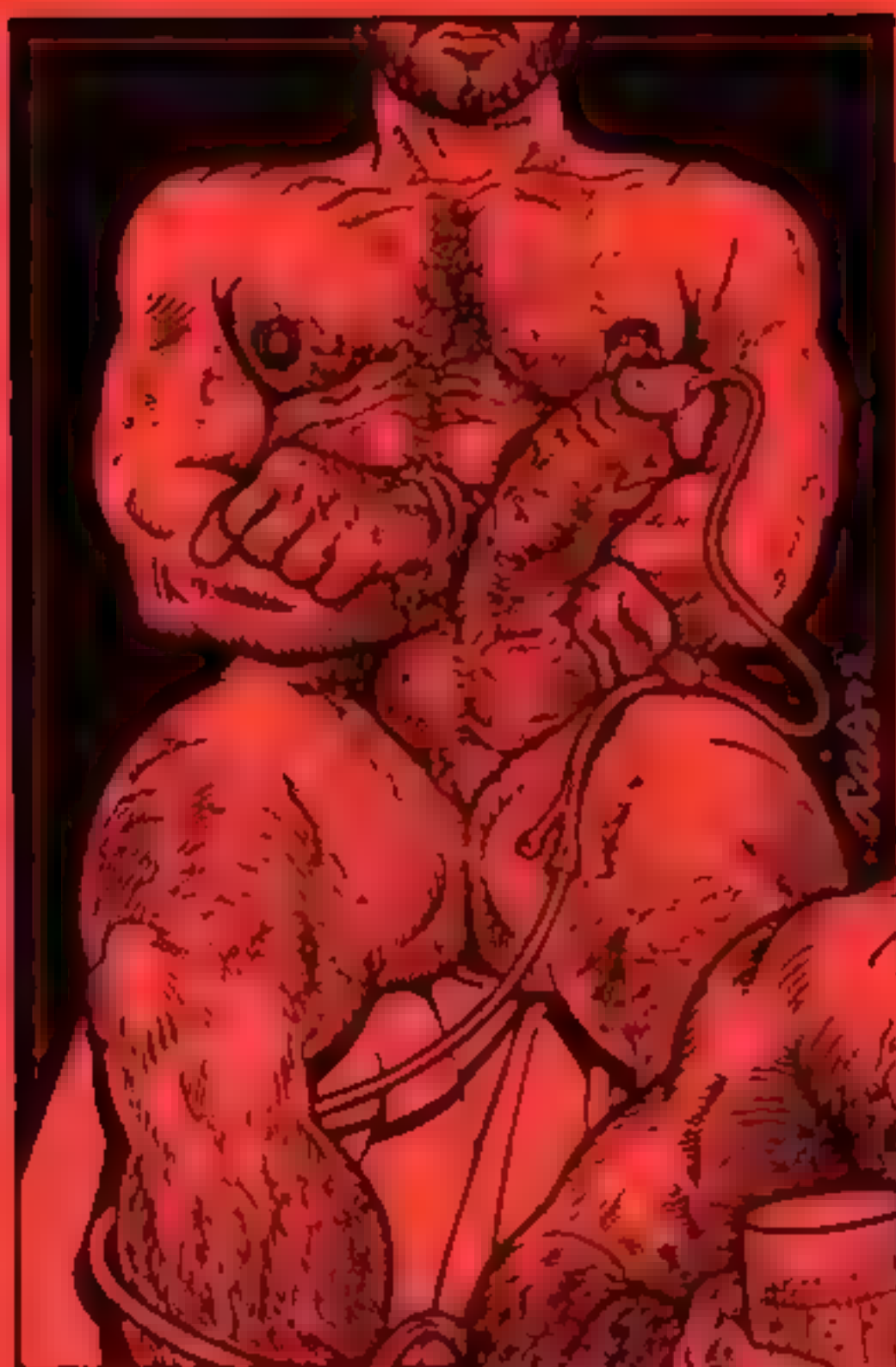
Ordinarily the stance would be considered proud, maybe even bordering on the haughty. But tonight the muscles as they always do when I am in bound repose and awaiting my Daddy's hand wear a fine wash of sweat and they quiver in a mixture of anticipation and pain, ecstasy and fear. I can smell my sweat, and the aroma intensifies as Daddy approaches. He might have removed his shoes and socks, but usually he is fully clothed, the dress intensifies my submission, and I do not look up immediately. I know better.

If I am imposing, Daddy is overpowering. He is a dozen years my senior, and overall he is maybe 20% bigger than I am, every part of him in paternal proportion. The man has a full head of graying hair, matching short beard and moustache. A boy can get lost, and never care to come out, in those riveting brown eyes. His face is by turns compassionate and kind, stern and ready to register reproach. When he strips, Daddy is every inch the Silver Bear of raw

fantasy and the firm reality of tender flesh. His prick is substantial, the head proud. A woolly pelt dusts his body, a gold ring glistens at his left tit, and he wears it proudly. He exudes masculinity, wearing a constant body language that warns that he is not to be fucked with.

He stands before me, as he always does, and regards the boy standing before him, a capable man reduced to a trembling bundle of exposed nerves. As I never dare sneak a glance at him at this moment, I can only hope that he sums me up with approval, although I sense there is an air of amusement about him as well. He toys with me, by not doing anything right away, sometimes it is as long as a minute before he spreads his arms and closes me in them. I feel the lump in his jeans and my thick member pokes him an inch or so below where he is hard and I know that I am home.

He soothes me against himself, and in sweet irony, his intent to quiet and soothe the shivering only causes it to intensify. Often I weep at this moment, just feeling the depths of his power. He kisses the top of my head and strokes the hair as he crushes me in the strongest, most tender grip I have ever known. The Man seeks out my right nipple and pinches it between his index finger and the ridge of his thumbnail. I anticipate the pain, but the sensation is new each time. He has taught me to thrust into his attentions, and this time is no exception. My prick hammers at his thigh, and, if I were a man who leaked, his pants would be soaked by now. Sometimes he favors my erection by giving it a healthy tug, but not this night. The back of his fingers shift across my chest and graze across my left tit. He approves anew of the ring that he stabbed



into me, there, on a night last summer—like Daddy, like boy—but that is another story.

It is expected that I help him undress, not in difficult ritual, but in the way that a boy might be expected to help his Daddy. I undo his belt buckle and lower his zipper as he peels his T-shirt slowly over his head. I catch the moist scent of his day on him as I slide his pants down over his knees. He lifts one foot and then the other, from the gathered fabric and I feel the proud tent, already wet, of his cotton briefs against my beard. He is the best of Daddies, as he sometimes lets me linger against the underwear as I try to slow my hammering heart, catch my breath, take my time. He folds his arms across his barrel chest and I glance up only long enough to catch the playful expression playing across his handsome face.

My Daddy never makes an exaggerated ceremony of my submission, and at no time does it ever come across as anything less than completely true. He does not make me beg for his favors often, or even every time. One of the first things he ever told me, in a letter before I had even met him face-to-face and fully six months before I summoned the nerve to ask him if he would consider taking me as his boy, was that he wants his partner to enjoy himself as much as he does, if not more so. He will gently consider my requests and, being the good Daddy that he is, he will often head them off by anticipating them. But at the heart of the matter both of us know that I exist for his pleasure, and about that there is no further discussion. I remove his briefs and take his penis in my mouth as a matter of record. He expects that of me.

He lets me nurse him for maybe five minutes before collecting me under my arms, drawing me up and close to him again. Our erections grapple in what little space there is between us, nearly 500 pounds of pure man, his at my belly, mine just below his impressive balls, he is that much taller than I.

He pats me reassuringly and tells me that I am with my Daddy and that all the bad parts of the world have gone away and that everything is all right, here in the arms of The Man, where nothing bad can ever happen to me.

As he always does, my Daddy has shaving supplies laid out on the nightstand and he leads me around to the side of the bed, where he sits me down and stands over me, drawing him to me yet again. My cheek feels his hardness once again and my beard is wet from where he has leaked and I know what is coming.

"Lie back," he orders with rigid

authority, and I stretch out on the bed, knees bent and feet on the floor, as he retrieves a length of tape, the kind that is used to wrap joints against sports injuries. I know to put my hands up and in back of my head as he kneels on the bed and reaches down to bind my wrists. He ravelis the tape around with purpose, and, as much as I want to stretch forward just far enough to mouth his prick, I know that this is not the time or place for that, as we must be about the business at hand.

Once my hands are tethered together, Daddy attaches them to a chain that runs out from beneath the bed, where it is secured to one of the posts. I can move, if only a little, should I choose to, but I know better than to try. I steal a look at my Daddy, who now stands between my open legs and surveys his prize, but mostly my eyes—like my prick—are fixed on the ceiling. I whimper slightly and in my struggling I know that the bonds are secure. I will be going nowhere.

Daddy slaps my erection with a hard, open palm, and I flinch from the combination of the pain and the pleasure of the attention. He bends over and makes a ring of his thumb and forefinger, wherein he just manages to encircle my balls. He gives the package a firm tug. The first time he did this to me, I thrust toward him to lessen the pressure. The Man paused maybe four seconds before yanking so hard that I thought my scrotum would rip loose from my body. "Don't you ever," he warned in measured tones, "do anything to make any of my applications to you one little bit easier." As he held my essence in his clenched fist, I am certain that I must have gone white. "Every part of this body belongs to me," he spoke, with chilling softness. "You understand that?"

Though my "Yes, Sir!" sprung as rapidly as I thought I could muster, it must not have been fast enough, as his grip closed with so much force that I saw stars. The lesson taught me to play into him whenever he puts his hands on me anywhere, I am his boy. He still metes pain out to me on occasion, but I am getting better at taking it, and he knows how hard I am trying.

He releases my sac and plays across my cock and balls, alternating with light and firm slaps, using the front and the back of his fingers. He runs across the hair that has collected on my scrotum, and we both know that is one of the reasons why I am here. Daddy knows that I have enough self-respect to be my own person when I am not with him, but he has given me three simple rules. He

tells me that as long as I adhere to those basic limitations, everything between us will be just fine. I fought for the honor of being his boy; I know that he has other boys who have displeased him and are now gone forever. I am not stupid enough to disobey him, as I know what the punishment would be if I lapsed: he would walk away for good, and I don't think that I could live with that.

The rules are. First, no other person but my Daddy is ever to fuck me; I have long considered myself a "Top", so this is not so much a hardship as one might believe, but the dictum effectively removes any inclination I might ever have to experiment.

Secondly, Daddy, and Daddy alone will remove the hair from my ballsac, or the pubic hair, should he choose. I wear the hair around my prick as kind of an indicative badge, a watermark measurement of how long it has been since I have been with my Daddy. Sometimes, but not every time, he elects to shave me completely, and when I get back home and go to my gym I am forced to walk a bit more humbly among the men with whom I share the showers. I know they have noted the shaving. Too, they would have to have noticed the marks on my butt when Daddy has honored me with a beating, and they cannot have missed my nipple ring. But none of the men has ever said anything.

Daddy's final rule is that whenever we spend the night together, the first thing I am to do in the grey pre-dawn, usually before I am even half awake, is to inch down in the bed and take his prick in my mouth, our own little private good-morning greeting. If The Man isn't already sporting a piss-hard, he quickly goes firm in my mouth and most of the time I am hard at my task while he is still sleeping. He frequently will stir awake and pat my head in sleepy paternal encouragement as I suck, and I always arrange myself perpendicular to him, up on my hands and knees with my own piss-hard ready and arching from between my legs so he can tug at me should he choose to. I customarily wash him for ten minutes or better and I taste many things on him, usually the remnants of what had poured from him when he had worked me over the night before. It is a mix of musk and sweat and a host of spent intentions. I lose myself in this labor of love, convinced anew that nothing bad could ever happen here.

Three little rules. I live by them. I am his boy.

When I finally come up for air, Daddy pulls me to him once again,

whispers me a good morning and flips me gently onto my left side. He positions himself similarly, in back of me, and squeezes my back to his hairy chest while his prick, still wet, pokes and finds the hot resting place between my thighs and just below my buttocks. He will sometimes drowse back into slumber like this, but my heart is a pudding in my chest and I know that I could not sleep if my life depended on it. I love waking up with my Daddy.

All that described will happen within the next eight hours or so, but now, at this moment, I must be barbered. Daddy clucks as he tugs at the growth that has happened since I saw him last, and he tells me how unbecoming it looks on his boy. The Man fathers me, all up and down my balls, as I whimper in front of him, bound and helpless, and I focus on the blades of the ceiling fan while he works. I do not know how much hair he will take this time and I dare not ask, it is not my place.

My prick is alive as he works the blade through the cool lather, I spread my legs as wide as my bondage will allow to give The Man the best access. He moves the razor over and around, scraping away at the offending hair, and often he'll pause in the barbering long enough to jack my prick with the lather oozing around his firm grasp. The hair removal gesture is equal parts erotic and symbolic. Though I am always his boy, even when I am away from him, this ritual takes us through the door of all the Daddy/boy play that will flow before this weekend is finished. As Daddy shaves, he grazes against my lower leg with his body and I can feel that his prick is still wet, still flowing.

When he has finished, Daddy wipes up the residual lather with a wash cloth. I feel him weigh and consider my smooth balls in his fingers, rubbing all around them, to the front where they join with my prick and to the back where he probes an exploratory middle finger at the outer reaches of my asshole. My arms ache. My penis is yet to subside. I am his boy again and always, sweetly and totally.

Daddy loosens the chain then and unravels the tape, finally freeing my wrists. I bring them slowly over my head and prepare for my circulation to resume full speed. Daddy helps me sit up, and my head is light for a just a moment. I finally look at my crotch and notice that this time, Daddy has indeed left the pubic hair. As I say, I do not ask.

"Okay, boy," The Man says as he finishes toweling off his hands, "Now you're fit for me, and for my bed." Fit for the bed, I know, and for every other inventive diversion Daddy has devised for this particular turn. He rummages in the

nightstand and retrieves a pair of handcuffs, and I know what to do. I lower my head once again and extend a pair of wrists to him, in trust. I can only guess at what is coming.

After he secures my wrists with the cuffs, he pushes me back on the bed, and I know enough to keep my impotent fists over my head. He circles the bed and, bending down, gets the rope that is tethered to the frame. He lashes the cuffs to the rope, removes the slack and then sits on the edge of the bed, and regards me, trying to read me. I color from a mixture of shame, humiliation, anger and anxiety, and I squirm just slightly to let all of this show. With one swift motion, he slaps his open palm across my face and I cry out, and in that smart instant he knows I am his, completely. My look changes to one of anticipation and not a little gentle terror. He smiles, at once avuncular and quietly mischievous. "That's better, boy." Then he clamps a hand over my nose and mouth and leaves it there for half a minute or so, just enough to make me desperate for my air when he removes it.

My Daddy comes back around to the other side of the bed, and my gaze is hard on the ceiling. I want to know more than anything what he intends and yet I don't want to know, more than anything what his night's entertainment will be. Will it be the clamps? The hot candle wax? I plea to the deaf ears of some unseen Lust God that it will not be the electrical impulses again, I am strong, but I am not that strong.

I can sense that The Man has taken something from the nightstand and I can hear the rustling of plastic being torn, a package being opened. "I think that prick of yours is ready now for the catheter, don't you, boy?" I freeze. And I am certain that my sharp intake of air and the rippling of my stomach muscles let him know the full impact of his words. I strain against the cuffs, the ropes and my racing mind, but I know that all of this is useless. I whimper in resignation and my prick shrivels to a smallness that I wouldn't have thought possible. And The Man just laughs, a soft and rich masculine laugh.

We have hinted at this moment before, we had talked about it in the warm and secure afterglow of one of our many sessions. He had asked me how I would feel about a catheter, and I, brash in my "manboy bravado", had told him that I would take it gratefully, easy to do for something that seemed so distant at the

time. I should have known better than to think that such a moment never really would come to pass.

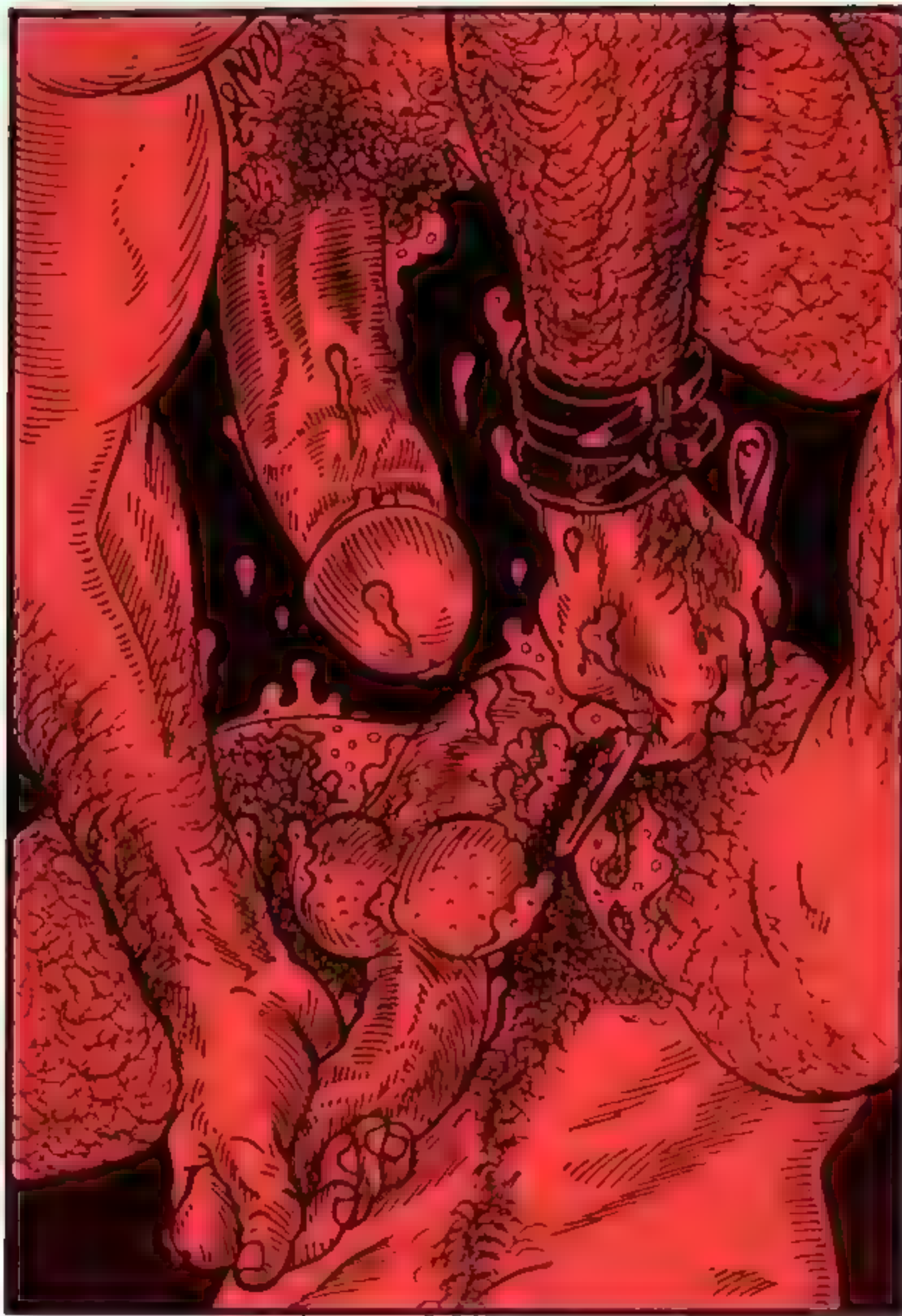
He explained the process to me that night, telling me how the insertion, the inflation and the clamping would work, so that I will know not to be afraid. He had told me, in all seriousness, that while there will be some discomfort, there won't be any real pain, and that once the mechanism was in place, he truly will have control over me. He would tell me when I could piss, I remember him saying, even, indeed, if I could piss. Of course he has, and always had, the ultimate say in what happens to me, but I know that he likes to give me the notion that my feedback is important to him, neither my mindset nor my size will let me be a mindless submissive to him, and The Man respects that. Indeed, it is a greater excitement for him, knowing that I do not give myself willingly over to any man in any situation. Only this man. In every situation.

What can I do? I had already agreed to the catheter, and, anyway, there isn't much I can say about it now. Daddy used to know a nurse who had schooled him in all the fine points of the catheterization, so there is no real reason to be frightened, and part of me knows that fact. Part of me also knows that my prick is going to be invaded in a way that it never has before.

I feel the antiseptic swab at the head of my dick and my bull shoulders shrug and shift in the dual yoke of humiliation and helplessness. Sweat begins to bead at my armpits, my chest, my back, and my eyes are close to welling again with tears. I dare not glance down for fear of what I might see.

The Man feeds on my anticipation and my fear. Having completed the swabbing, he parts my thighs and fingers the smoothness of his recent handiwork. I foolishly try to outguess him, and I have never been any good at this particular game. Does he mean this as distraction? Indeed, my prick, nearly invisible only moments earlier, stirs and begins its sweet familiar swell. Has he had his fun with me, and now does he mean to abandon the exercise, thinking that the scare has been enough? Naturally, neither proves to be true, as he swiftly, firmly mashes my right testicle between his thumb and the crook of his forefinger. I cry in pain, wrestle mightily against my bonds and the erection vanishes. I am weeping freely now.

"That's right, boy," he soothes, his grip on my nut abating, but only slightly, "Let your man see what you're feeling for



him." He removes his hand from my sac and proceeds with the operation. "I'm going to be inserting the tube up your dick now," he advises, in an even, almost clinical voice, "You'll be able to feel it slide along on its way to your bladder." Indeed, the invasion is real now as I feel the intruder inching its way inside me, taking me in a way that no man had ever done before. "Tell me what you're feeling boy," he demands, slapping the inside of my thigh with his hand. I am past reply

and can only weep, great heaving sobs, and, truthfully, that is everything he needs to hear. "Good boy," is all he says.

The tube hits home, and The Man explains to me that he is inflating the bulb that will give him control over the flow of my piss. I hear a brief pumping noise and feel a hot tightening deep in my body, my stomach muscles spasm for reasons they do not know and I am weeping softly still, sweating freely now. "There," is all Daddy says, and he tells me that he is clamping

the end of the tube to stop the flow and to regulate my "accidents" so that they only happen at which time he wants them.

My chest heaves in gratitude that the ordeal is over, and I am out of breath. The Man rises off his knees and comes around to sit beside me on the bed. He looks down on me with a gaze that is equal parts bemusement and knowing love. "I'm real proud of you, Boy," he says, brushing the vestige of tears from my eyes with a firm thumb, "You took that like a man." He reaches over and unties the rope and my arms, my wrists, my hands cramp from being confined for so long, but he leaves the cuffs on.

The Man rubs my shoulders to assist the circulation and I can smell his sweat and all is right with the world.

The man gathers me in strong arms and brings me to sit up, my cuffed hands a lifeless presence in my lap, and forces me to gaze upon what he has done. My glance travels slowly down and I see the thick pale yellow tube snake obscenely, beautifully from my prick, the clamp in the comfortable nest of my hairless ball sac. I am speechless even though I begin to breathe heavily, and Daddy collects me to the security of his hairy chest.

After several minutes of this, he pulls me away from him, wipes more tears and asks, with an impish grin, "You ever taste your own piss, Boy?" I clench my jaw and shake my head from side to side and he tells me that I am about to. From the nightstand he produces a small plastic cup and brings it around to the clamped tube. He unhinges the clamp and starts a flow the strength of which surprises me, I had expected just a trickle. Perhaps an inch and a half of the warm liquid foams into the cup before he reattaches the clamp. He takes the cup, and, strangely, all I can think of is that it reminds me of a chalice. He swirls the piss before bringing it to his lips, his eyes are on mine the entire time. Sipping slowly, he permits a little of the load to trace down his beard; he stops, sets the cup down and mashes me close to him, a kiss, my wrists hard against him, as they are still locked together.

He has kept the drink in his mouth and feeds it back to me then, in little loving dispensations, and I can smell myself on his beard. I remember the lurid text of a hundred pieces of porno fiction, that the taste is not at all unpleasant, strong and subtly sweet and shot with significance. He breaks the kiss and locks my eyes with his.

"Swallow," he says, and I do, in gratitude.

He keeps me naked all the rest of that evening, although he slips on a pair of leather shorts. He has removed my handcuffs, and I sit beside him on the couch and we watch a late baseball game from the coast and he plays with me, tweaking a nipple as it pleases him or maybe just drawing me close to him, squeezing a beefy arm around my shoulder, for no reason at all. I cannot keep my eyes, or mind, for that matter off of this thing that has happened to my penis. Ever an obliging Daddy, the man has given me a 32-ounce tumbler of ice water and he makes sure that I gulp liberally from it during the telecast. I empty one glass. Then another. And still another.

The man is having great fun with this, and he runs a big hand across the swelling curve of my belly as I fill up with the liquid. He tugs with authority at my left tit with his teeth as his hands explore the area that he has shaved. One heavy thumb strokes the ball sac and two fingers scoot back and probe for my asshole. He enjoys watching my prick thicken with the attention, the tube and its clamp bobbing meatily, lazily in the air. "You know I can make you come like this," Daddy says, and I don't know that I believe him. I don't know enough about my own anatomy, especially as it applies to this particular situation, to know whether that is possible, then I realize for only the tenth, the millionth time that night, that I have nothing to say about it whether it is true or not. "You also know you can't piss until Daddy tells you to, don't you?" I nod and nest at his chest, with a shudder and a sigh. This much I know is true.

After maybe an hour of such play, I am all at once inexplicably washed over by a feeling I cannot name, and I start to weep uncontrollably. In retrospect, I think it might have had something to do with the considerable discomfort of not being able to empty my bladder. But I think it also owed to the realization that The Man had cared enough to take control of me in this manner, and that thought was almost more than I could comprehend. I slid from the couch and knelt at the view of his open legs, my tears washing the black smoothness of his leather shorts.

The Man told me later how much this outburst pleased him—curiously or not, nothing I ever do surprises him—and he let me know it at the time by stroking my head as I sobbed and shuddered. I feel his prick start to grow and struggle against the bonds of his shorts; "Show me your gratitude, Boy." And I am a

quivering mass of muscle, mouth locked at his cock, all sweat and tears and submission. I eat of him hungrily and his strong hands paw at the back of my head, soothing, entreating. I have never felt closer to a man, never more outside of my own control. And never more a sure of myself.

He finally pulls me off of himself, then and bids me to stand. I do so eagerly, my hands by their conditioning automatically go behind my back and clasp. As he has taught me also to do, I suck in my gut and square my shoulders back, as easily as I can, given the fact that I am still sobbing. I plant strong legs firmly apart, my head down. He lets me stand thus for a minute or for half an hour, I have lost all track of time. He cradles his work, the work that is my stoppered cock and my hairless balls in a loving hand, stroking me, regarding me and saying absolutely nothing.

Finally he breaks the silence and tells me, "It's time to get rid of some of that." He keeps his hands gently, firmly on my prick and leads down the hall, through the bedroom and into the bathroom. He snaps his fingers in the direction of the shower, and I step in. He follows me. Facing me, he takes my head in both of his hands, tilts me back and brings my mouth up to join his in a kiss. I tremble and drink greedily of his tongue, he always feeds me a little of his man spit in moments when I know that something very special is about to happen.

He breaks the kiss and looks at me levelly. "You ready to empty that piss, Boy?" I nod, numbly, with what I hope is just the right amount of eagerness. "You ready to piss for your Daddy? You had enough?" I nod again, faster this time and I feel the beginnings of his erection graze against my thigh.

"Lie down," he commands, "Your legs up and your butt against the wall." I struggle to arrange myself as he has commanded, my legs a wide separation and my butt as flush with the shower wall as I can manage it. Although I barely fit diagonally in the cramped space of the shower stall, there is room for him to stand over me, a foot at either of my sides. He faces away from me as he bends down to take my prick and to begin releasing the flow. In my dream state, I see the massive handsomeness of his hairy ass, muscles twitching as he bends, and I can almost, almost see his hole.

The next thing I know I am emptying in a way that feels I am being pulled inside out. A warm flood engulfs me on the shower floor, spurting up and over my belly and my chest, all over and down my

sides. One, two and who knows how many pints of liquid spill on all sides of me, frothing over my shaved balls. The tube waves dizzily in its evacuation and I am aware of a torrent of sensation; a pool collecting at my belly button, an arc up to my left and then sensually across to my right tit. I grunt in my struggle and my prick rewards me with a shower shot to my beard. I gasp in surprise and lick my lips as I taste myself anew.

And then I am aware of an additional taste, as The Man has turned around and is standing over me, playing across me with his own prick, which is pissing, and pissing hard. My own release is mostly water by this time, but Daddy's is rich and strong nearly five hours' accumulation of coffee, water and even a little of that personal cocktail I had given him hours before. His masterful jet splashes my head and plasters my hair, I clamp my eyes and revel in the situation as his manly stream works down and finds my thirsty, open mouth. As my own flow continues to gush, I focus on a vision: his piss flowing in and right out of me and I feel a sense of union and forever with this powerful man. He is watching me as he pisses, one hand on his prick, the other lazy at the back of his balls, and damned if the man isn't starting to get hard.

Finally, my river dries and I am aware that I am soaking in an incredible warmth, my back has all but blocked the drain and it feels like there is an inch of liquid below me. The air is moist with the smell of an intense and very private, very masculine activity. I sense, rather than hear, The man grunting above me as he shakes loose the last of his flow and I trace my hand wetly down my belly to discover that I am incredibly and fully erect.

Daddy grins at me from on high, then bends down to offer his hand. He pulls me up and, once freed of my body, the liquid finds the drain. He enfolds me in a wet embrace and drowns me in a sloppy kiss, and I feel the warmth as it dribbles down my beard. "Shower me of god, and then yourself," Then Man commands. "When we get dry, I'm going to lie on the bed with my prick up your butt and then I'm going to ceremoniously remove the catheter while I fuck you."

He slaps my ass and there is a wet sound in the hollow of the shower. "Then you're going to come for your man and what that feels like after this thing's been up your cock." He grabs my face in one hand and his eyes glisten as he chuckles and says, "It don't exactly tickle."

MARCO

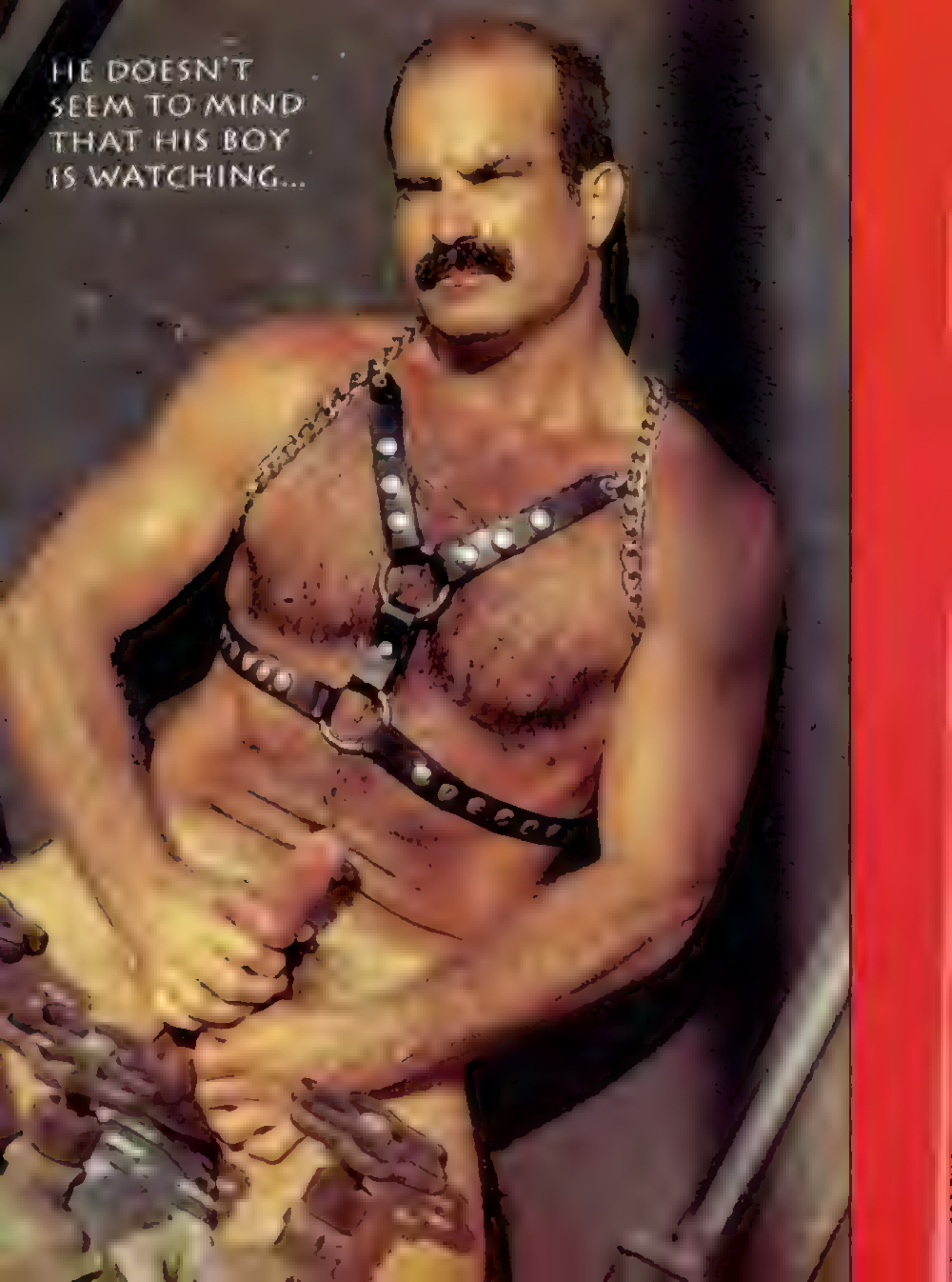
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CHECKING
UP ON
DADDY
AT WORK...

HE DOESN'T
SEEM TO MIND
THAT HIS BOY
IS WATCHING...



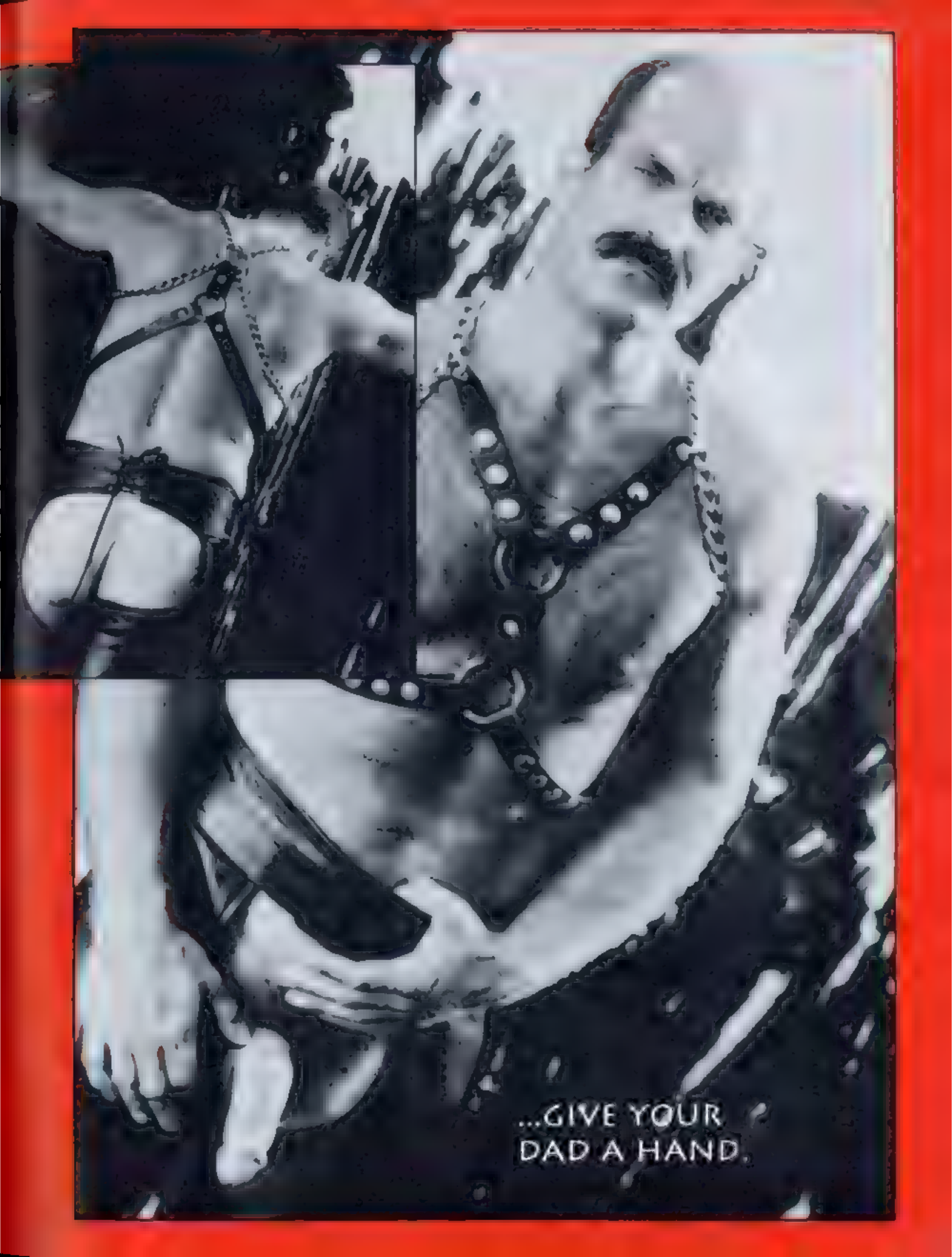


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DADDIES
NEED A
MOMENT
TO KICK
BACK



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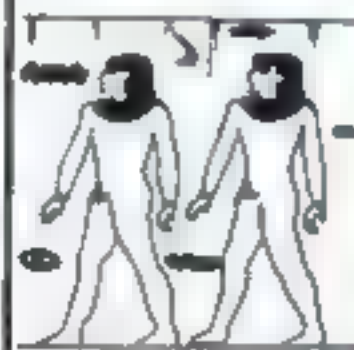
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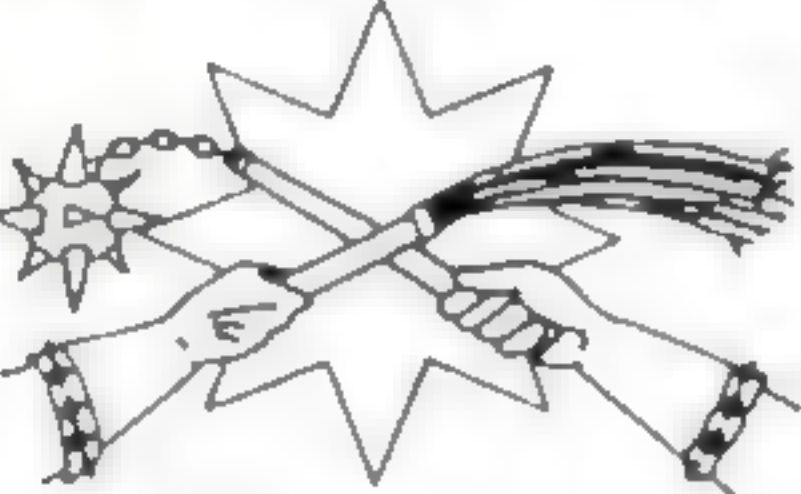
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MAN SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Strong aggressive Bm aka Sadistic like Top
I'm 140kspan 5-0, 160lb strong, male Bt
Bm flat top 44" chest 32" waist 30" midz 54t
C&T TT, BD Gags floods Looking for a
strong tough Top to team me hard ~~come me~~
~~we're both strong~~ ~~we're both~~ ~~we're both~~
I'm not what you wanted a guy in a white
kiss and train me ~~not~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~like~~ ~~you~~
you're a

MANUSCRIPT

Powerful attractive successful man 47 blu
brn mustache he is a sexy hot looking and
attractive young man/boy to use and nurture
intense dominance/worship Bob PO Box
7291 Phoenix AZ 85011 7291 361916 (5)

MARLBORO DAD WANTED

GWM 30yo 5'170lb BR-SL Thick tache nice cock. seeks handsome men turned on by hot sex and smokes. Other scenes pass and prefer men 35-50 masculine HIV. movie tache for fun or LTR No substance abuse or bad scene. Country/fur/men photo A+ for this hot boy in Denver. Box 3033LF

MARYLAND BONDAGE SLAVE

Wild construction worker 36 @ 190lb hairy & muscular seeks demanding Master/Top into leather boots uniforms M/S scenes Bottom into a CBT TT toys BD domination Master/Muscular into cock & boot service safe fucing & total control Bcy 8914

MASTER SEWERS BOYSSAVE

for weekend or occasional use. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 35. Please smooth swimmers build 1m 84.5 115 lbs. prior professional Arm an experienced Top maling to train a slave. Send picture, phone to Sir PO Box 21083 Chattanooga TN 37424 615-281-2

MASTER SEES SLAVE BOY

WM 31 5-10, 1436 Muscular well hung
weezyoung hardbottominto leather Es. A
boots Under 35 short slim 14V split Must
be handsome and wild in bed Letter and
Photo to PO Box 22365 Minneapolis, MN
55422 24/7

MASTER OF BONDAGE

Whips & chains ropes & gun posts & 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000, 1002, 1004, 1006, 1008, 1010, 1012, 1014, 1016, 1018, 1020, 1022, 1024, 1026, 1028, 1030, 1032, 1034, 1036, 1038, 1040, 1042, 1044, 1046, 1048, 1050, 1052, 1054, 1056, 1058, 1060, 1062, 1064, 1066, 1068, 1070, 1072, 1074, 1076, 1078, 1080, 1082, 1084, 1086, 1088, 1090, 1092, 1094, 1096, 1098, 1100, 1102, 1104, 1106, 1108, 1110, 1112, 1114, 1116, 1118, 1120, 1122, 1124, 1126, 1128, 1130, 1132, 1134, 1136, 1138, 1140, 1142, 1144, 1146, 1148, 1150, 1152, 1154, 1156, 1158, 1160, 1162, 1164, 1166, 1168, 1170, 1172, 1174, 1176, 1178, 1180, 1182, 1184, 1186, 1188, 1190, 1192, 1194, 1196, 1198, 1200, 1202, 1204, 1206, 1208, 1210, 1212, 1214, 1216, 1218, 1220, 1222, 1224, 1226, 1228, 1230, 1232, 1234, 1236, 1238, 1240, 1242, 1244, 1246, 1248, 1250, 1252, 1254, 1256, 1258, 1260, 1262, 1264, 1266, 1268, 1270, 1272, 1274, 1276, 1278, 1280, 1282, 1284, 1286, 1288, 1290, 1292, 1294, 1296, 1298, 1300, 1302, 1304, 1306, 1308, 1310, 1312, 1314, 1316, 1318, 1320, 1322, 1324, 1326, 1328, 1330, 1332, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1340, 1342, 1344, 1346, 1348, 1350, 1352, 1354, 1356, 1358, 1360, 1362, 1364, 1366, 1368, 1370, 1372, 1374, 1376, 1378, 1380, 1382, 1384, 1386, 1388, 1390, 1392, 1394, 1396, 1398, 1400, 1402, 1404, 1406, 1408, 1410, 1412, 1414, 1416, 1418, 1420, 1422, 1424, 1426, 1428, 1430, 1432, 1434, 1436, 1438, 1440, 1442, 1444, 1446, 1448, 1450, 1452, 1454, 1456, 1458, 1460, 1462, 1464, 1466, 1468, 1470, 1472, 1474, 1476, 1478, 1480, 1482, 1484, 1486, 1488, 1490, 1492, 1494, 1496, 1498, 1500, 1502, 1504, 1506, 1508, 1510, 1512, 1514, 1516, 1518, 1520, 1522, 1524, 1526, 1528, 1530, 1532, 1534, 1536, 1538, 1540, 1542, 1544, 1546, 1

son. Seeks true, young slave. Cum w/it & scale great heights of erotica. Safe. Same experienced. Send it with to box BOBOLP

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE BOY/SON

Must be young obedient, no discipline, speaking whammy, strap/paddle wearing leather. No experience OK. Possible live in. I am WM 5'11" 49yrs 195# beard very masculine strict caring affectionate. Letter w/photo to J Spencer Box 1455 Rocky Point, NY 11778 3038.F

MAT TOUGH MEN WANTED

If you are in or coming to New England and think you can handle no holds barred battles for top then I want your ass on the mats @ 210lb 40 year old wrestler will fuck you up and make you crawl. Join the list of losers. Rope match jeans boots. Name your game Punk! I'm waiting Box 840715

MATURE BODY SLAVE WANTED

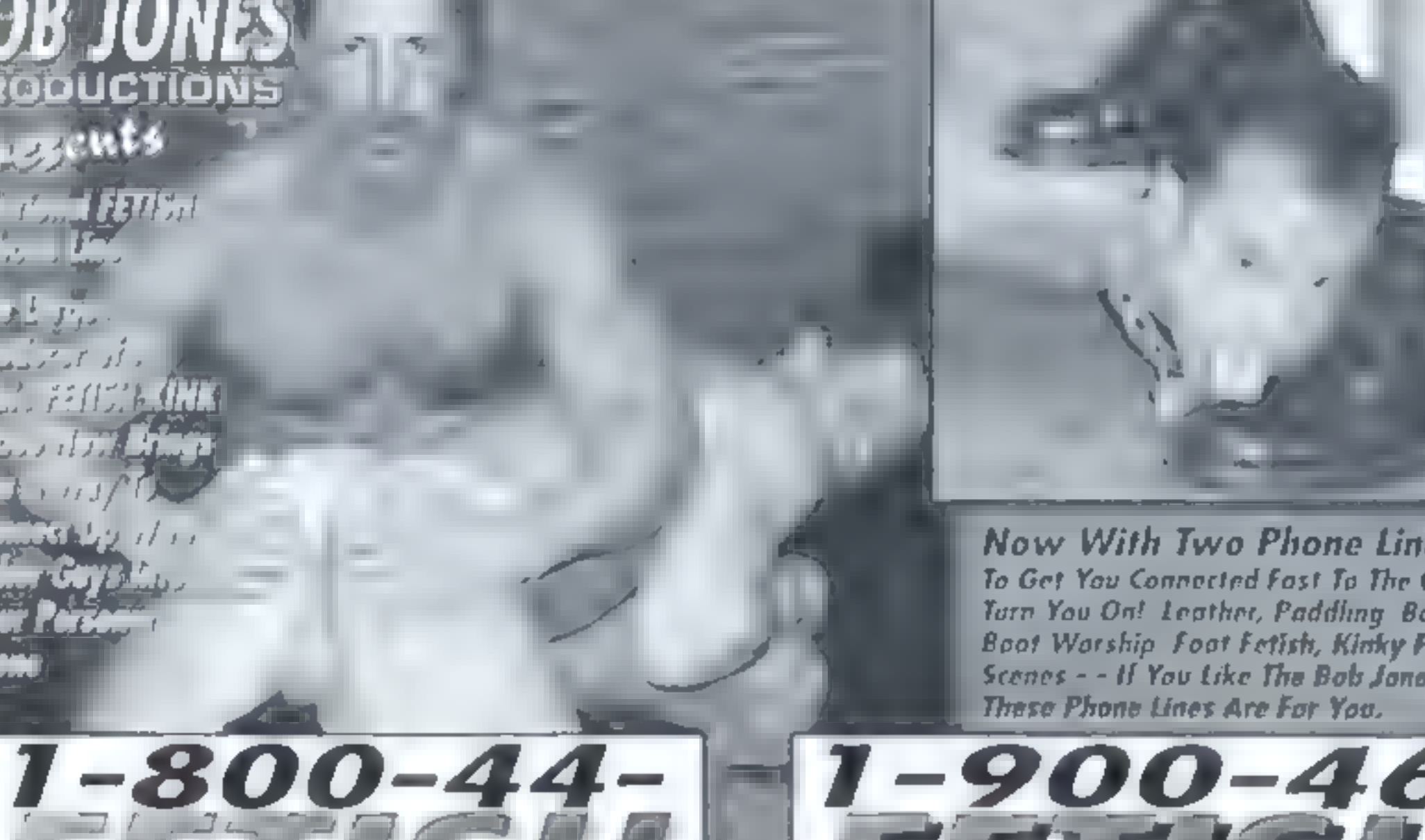
over 40 for monogamous relationship. You must need to serve be into total submission slave humiliation, and into taking my feet to be stepped on during my piss if m 00 5 0 1454 Hi! Let's photo to Box 1329 Sunset CA 90-42 7 28.5

MATURE 45-49 MASTER

Wanted by 40yo successful sub guy I travel frequently & wd travel to you frequently I need to suffer sacrifice and be generous Tom PO Box 40772 Irving TX 75014

NEW INTO TIGHTS/SPANDEX

GM 40 HV seeks men into bights, dance belts, spandex. If you enjoy seeing and feeling your thighs and crotch encased in bights, left tail. Want GM bights/spandex buddy for hrv correspondence no B!tterious. Photo, phone address. Let a cat hard in bights. Box 00551 F.



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1-900-443-3847
Billed To Your Phone \$3 First Min • \$2 Additional

MIDWEST BONDAGE BOTTOM

Butchboy 28 sometimes crewcut beard needs firm punishment and discipline from hot hairy muscular Daddy/Master. Hoods SM BD VA TT spanking wet jocks safesex. Train me as your fuckhole slave. Photophone send your orders. SMR box 9140LF

MIDWEST DOG SLAVE SPIKE

40 yo mutt owned by 31 yo Daddy used as urinal cigar ashtray and total slave. Daddy wants to watch my bitch-hole mounted for real. Pam degrading suckass and scenes sought to amuse Daddy abuse me. Travel possible cigars A+ Spike. POB 2065 Ann Arbor MI 48106 3600LF C 52

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6TH year and worldwide. Very discreet contact club for Police Firefighters Military EMT Paramedics Correction Officers & Licensed Security Officers. Proof of service is required to join. SASE & 2.00 credited to MPC. D Pub 22806 Houston, TX 77227 9100LF

MORE HOT CUM - OH YEAH!

QWM cocksucker/fucker 38 5'9" 180lb. brbl. stache & hairy chest. HIV seeking hot jocks hard hats cops truckers bikers & leather studs into mutual oral service. Steamy VAs & JO. Call form (508) 832-6121 9100LF

MUSCULAR STUDS & JOCKS

Muscular 28 Bttop wants horny studs for intense gym workouts followed by leather rubber spankers using IT & BT cuffs shackles hoods gags dildos etc within full view of camera. Safe sex only! More muscles the better. Let's pump it up then get off! Box 6600LF

MUSCULAR BD LEATHERMASTER

Seeks boy as horseboy/harper lover to train in hot safesex. Bt 28 5'10" 160lb. gym. Me going QWM 38 6'0" 160lb. clean-cut building. Tough 20's QWM HIV. gay/boysh/submissives need firm top to serve. Good opp/home 4

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brght sincere boy Good letter/photo a must E133LF

NEW FISH

Impudent biker type wants to be broken of his bad habits in strict penal correctional environment. Looking for a Master with the facilities equipment and interest to get into a prison bootcamp or big program. Rules cell/cage sharing etc. Subject is healthy 43 6'12" 180lb blond looking for serious stuff. Box 9150LF

NO GAMES REALITY

Permanent live in slave position. Must have nonquestioning attitude my pressure your desire into SM BD CB TT VAS VA toys mind/body control & more. Me 42 8' 180lb Bttop beard total top & hung. You 21 5'0 bottom. Send photo phone & experiences to Box 8450LF

MOOSE/COWBOYS/BOOTS/SOR

Hungstid top seeks guys into hanging farts ass SM BD and torture automix. Hot for cowboy boots sweat socks and nice bare feet. Want execution and foot videos/photos. Reward for source info. Buy good cowboy boots 9 1/2" B m. WWM 5'10 165lb 47 BW/SH. Write to PO Box 9414 W B B Dayton OH 45409LF

ON MY KNEES

Exceptional man, masochist, successful and attractive 45 brbl moustache 5'10 180lb begs to be used by exceptional younger guy with good looks body and mind. Intense worship and submission. Write POB 30231 Phoenix AZ 85008 62411 3650LF

PADDINGS AND STRAPPINGS

needed by WWM leather bottom. Woodshed and school type discipline and outdoor whipping desired. Ws and Bt. Strong fetish for watches and handcuffs. Write POB 30231 Phoenix AZ 85008 62411 3650LF

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THE AMG WRESTLING VIDEO LIBRARY CONSISTS OF THE FOLLOWING:

1. "WRESTLING CLASSICS." These are forty-eight (48), 2-hour, non-nude, black & white, silent, VHS videos compiled from 8mm motion picture film shot in the 1950s and 1960s. Approximately 13 matches per video.
2. "VTR-3 WRESTLING PAIRS." This is a single, 2-hour, nude, color, silent, VHS video compiled from 8mm motion picture film shot in the 1970s. It contains 25 matches.
3. "WRESTLING POTPOURRI." These are ten (10), 1-hour, nude, color (with the exception of #10 which is black & white), silent, VHS videos camcordered in the 1970s. There are approximately 20 matches per video.
4. "WRESTLING LIVE." There are forty-two (42), 2-hour, nude, color, sound, VHS videos mastered "live" during the 1980s and early 1990s. Approximately 16 matches per video.

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AMG is always seeking first-time models...please call if interested.

SEEKING MASOCHIST FOR TOTAL OWNERSHIP

Every form of torture, use/abuse, physical & mental anguish and permanent marks. You exist only for wants of extreme Sadist. Sadist is WM 40's 5' 10" 165# with a gym body educated prof. You total masochist 40+ in shape healthy. Your looks and the right attitude is most important. Relocation to CA. Serious only. NO JO. NO BULL SHIT. Send Letter/phone/photo to Box 3590LF 12

SEEKS WILD BELLY BUDDIES

Well muscled WM 5'8" 170# 30 seeks others into wild belly scenes. Swallowing tubes, chains, stomach pumping, inflation, forced feeding/drinking, recycling, pose, endurance contests. Experienced preferred. David Atlanta GA. Serious only call 404-878-1858

SHAVE BELOW THE NECK

Chest, crotch, Men, ass, legs, your call. Not either straight razor or expert. Use alone or small groups or big parties in Philly, DC & NYC. Love all shave stories. For a great shave or to chat contact Ed Johnson, P.O. Box 1219, Southampton, PA 18088 or call (215) 784-7140

SIR!

Bootlicker begs to serve hot verbal/leathermaster. Versative WM 44 5'8" 170# muscular nice body, feeds humiliation, bondage, piss, shaving, TT, spanking, mind control, obedience, dog training. Slave will worship cock, ass, feet, body and submit to you, control and abuse. See 3 ways travel LK 8340LF

SIZE IS EVERYTHING TO ME!

Midget dicked, submissive queer knows that big is better. This party clad, un-hung info, needs strong verbal abuse & phone JO action. Faggy, hates & all other gay men, super hung & proud of it. No phone trip is too heavy for his piece of shit. Evenings best. Tiny Tim (415) 836-5084

SLAVE FACILITY

Well built, masculine, full leather Masters of totally equipped slave facility are accepting applications from slaves for no limit confinement. Total submission to abuse, intense pain and torture. FF, BT, etc. et. Applicants must 30-55, full letter & photo, no limits. 9274LF 12

SLAVE WANTED BY

WM experienced Master 40's good body & cock dinged, stable, warm climate, seeking UWM serious permanent slave, good body hair on head and brain, inside, must work naked domestic chores. SM TT visit no drugs. Pic and phone to box 3638LF

SLAVEBOY NEEDS MASTER/DAD

Hotly GWM 36 ft 160# HIV clean shaven, br/b, 8' uc, Fire, Fire needs Dominant Top 45+ for SM, BJ, TT, BT. Eager for new safe scenes. LHM S. TA. Photo/Phone please to Box 3596LF 12

SLAVEBOY WANTED FOR

Permanent ownership by demanding Master. WM 42 6' 165# rev. Training to include B/D, RT, TT, W/S, shaving, etc. Total mental and physical commitment required. Really not fantasy. Serious applicants may call R. 677, 835 9048 Rv12LF

SLAVEBOY/KEC ASSISTANT

Professional marketing, advertising, PR executive seeks prof. opportunity and/or slave/masterboy position. Willing to relocate. Top professional Agency & client exp. Bondage, leather, total service. So please send detailed offer. Box 3571

SMOKING SCENES

WM 41, mustache, seeking men into cigarette smoking scenes. Forced and/or chain smoking, uniforms, leather hoods, gloves are fun. Versatile and into many scenes. Hot smoke's send serious offer & photo. A possible to box 3586LF 12

SOCKED FOOT FETISH

WM 45 5'10" 175# BR/BR would like to meet a Guy who would like a foot massage and a guy who would enjoy making a guy smell his socked feet and JO. Jeff POB 103 St Peters, MO 63376 A suburb of St. Louis Rv46LF

SON/SLAVE SXS MASTER/LOVER

Smooth defined prof boy 30 160# 5'8" bottom needs Master/Dad experienced & graying with pride hung hairy Top. Naked collared, pierced & branded at home. Friends & spouse n public. BJ SM FF W/S balanced with love for quality w. more. Photo phone letter. Complete me 9196LF

TAILORED LEATHER JACKETS

Sizzling look, perfect fit for big tall long & pumped arms. 20 unique custom color and low prices in 17 styles. FREE L.A.A. 5474 Dept. JF 1 box 6 1210 San Jose CA 95161 Tel: (408) 444-6604 FAX (408) 445-9455

TATTOOED BOTTOM

Tattooed bottom wanted for service by 38 yo WM. Photo to West PO Box 69502 W Hollywood CA 90069

TEXAS TOP HOT AND WILD

Attractive Dominant Top 5'12" 185# beard, more, she believes in safe sane consensual sex. Realize intelligent, intense and focused. Seeks submissive partners or alternate to 55 Jack Davis RT 2 Box 1145 Jasper TX 76847 817 442-4601 before 10 PM CST. No J. 1653LF

TITBOY NEEDS MASTER

Masculine WM 38 5'9" 160# wants Dominant into working my nipples until I am obedient, ready to serve. A newspaper as training device is a special fetish. Also submissive pompah. Will answer all day. P.O. Box 682 Little Rock AR 72215

TO THE WOODSHED NOW!

For that long overdue disc phone you really need and want. Have paddles, straps, etc. to assure a lengthy and thorough session. Am experienced late 30's 2" from mustache. Photo & frank letter to Box 3638LF

TOILET

Novice toilet slave seeks long feeding sessions at an experienced toilet Master's hand. Toilet is 4'10" 6' 170# Seeks similar age, strap to toilet Master for training, eating, worship, bondage, whipping, pressure, shirking. Send early letter, pic and lettering. 915LF

TOPS AND SLAVES

Slaves needed as ranch hand for assimilation on Texas ranch. Dominant well hung tops needed for ranch slave/dinner time in bunk house. Dungeon WM BJ TT W/S. Aroma, smoke and more. Both must be HIV 21 to 40 any race, Cuban cut. Send photo, stats to Ranchmaster 9194LF

TOPS SEEKS SUBMISSIVE GUY

24 45 non fem. who has a desire to please. Houseboy positive scene includes shaving, L/T SM, spanking, TT, etc. No drugs or smokes. We are both HIV neg. 44yo & 32yo live on a hillside. S. extensively. Serious replies only. Photo phone to P.O. Box 1027 Valley Stream NY 11580 3633LF

TOPS AND SLAVES

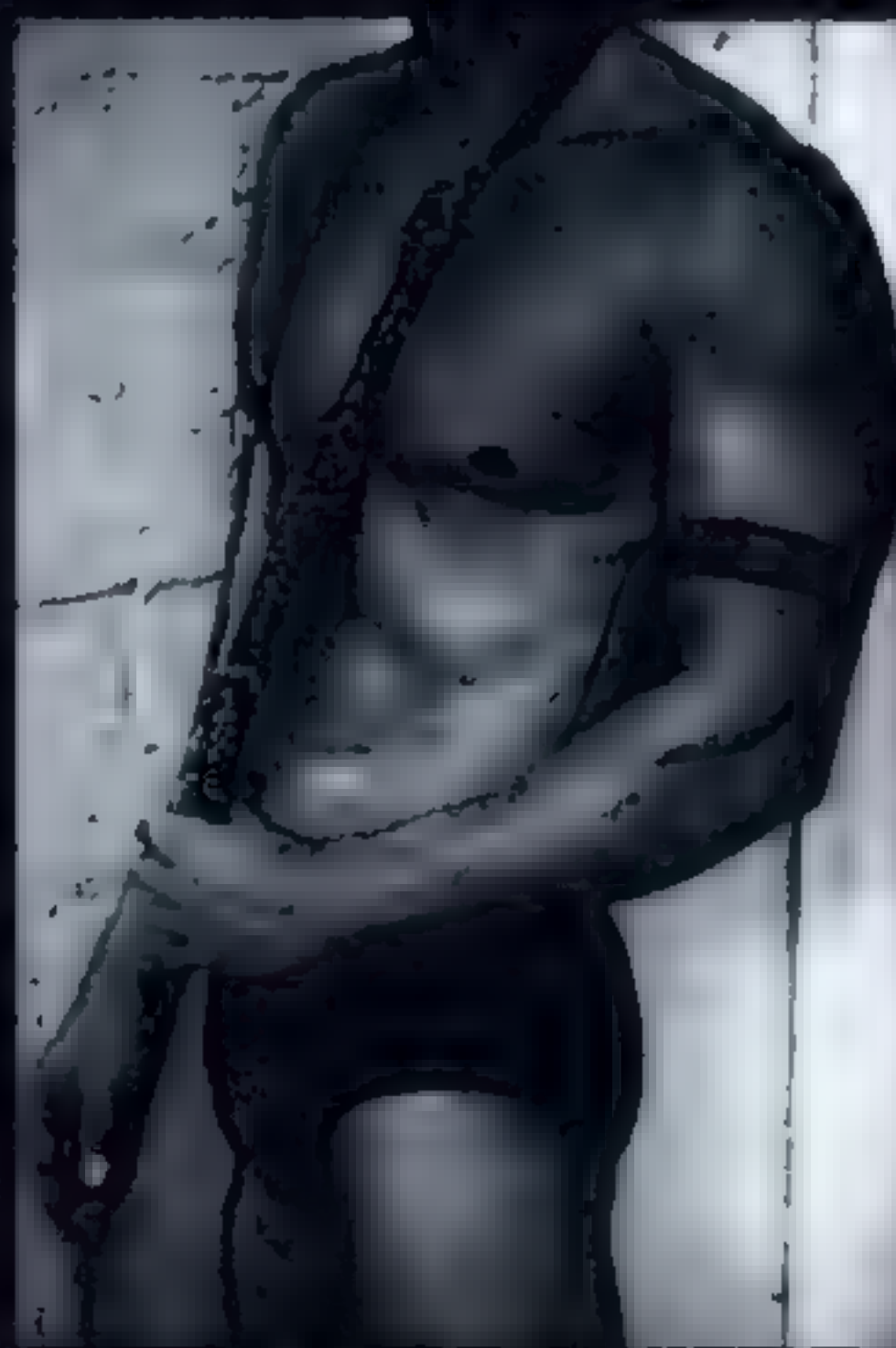
Slaves needed as ranch hand for assimilation on Texas ranch. Dominant well hung tops needed for ranch slave/dinner time in bunk house. Dungeon WM BJ TT W/S. Aroma, smoke and more. Both must be HIV 21 to 40 any race, Cuban cut. Send photo, stats to Ranchmaster 9194LF

TORTURE STORIES

You show me yours and I'll show you mine. Truth or Fiction about men being tortured, not play real torture. Most interested in chastity or death, though if they happen at the end of heavy torture they happen. Have lots of stories waiting to be copied. Send me sample of what you'd like to have. 9193



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TOUGH MAN, SIR

Leathered, booted, experienced bottom ready for leathered and booted tough MAN who will apply force through expected rough tough process. Immediate and unrelenting with wide collar, heavy hood, gag, TCBT, suspended whippings, broken publicly, enslaved in full leather gear for an evening. Just do it and mean it! Also into same on cycle. 5'11" 190lb bearded, regular meetings, not permanent, have gear, NY/OC corridor but travel, SS, negative and healthy, photo supplied. 3612LF £32

TOUGH MAN, SIR

Leathered, booted, experienced bottom ready for leathered and booted tough MAN who will apply force through expected rough tough process. Immediate and unrelenting with wide collar, heavy hood, gag, TCBT, suspended whippings, broken publicly, enslaved in full leather gear for an evening. Just do it and mean it! Also into same on cycle. 5'11" 190lb bearded, regular meeting, not permanent, have gear, NY/OC corridor but travel, SS, negative and healthy, photo supplied. 3612LF £32

TOUGH MAN, SIR

Combine pleasure and pain! Topman, 45-65, 218lb, accommodates masochists & bottoms over 25 with beard, stache. Must be into heavy fustian/pain/lips. All nationalities. Artistic inclinations appreciated. Write letter with photo to: 3612LF £32

TRAVEL TOP COP

37 year old stud, 6' 170lb, hot hairy body, great look, big fat prick, low hangers, true Dominant! Looking for true submissive boy for my personal use/abuse. Boy is thin and good looking and will suck dick and dirty ass while tied. Let me show you my boy cunt. Send application w/ photo. 9108LF

TRUE SLAVERY

Are you ready and able to take on the demands and obligations of a life of REAL slavery? This is not for beginners. Bottoms need not apply. Only slaves with correct attitude will be selected for ownership. (612) 559-1062 9218LF

UNCUT DOMINANT WM TOP

Seeks white fuckboy. You 20-33 M/F, tam masculine, loyal and not into booze, drugs, or smoking. You need spanking, heavy ass, mouth and nipple abuse. We very short hair, moustache, 6' 175lb 50, hard body, tough nipples, HIV-, open to LT bonding. Foto to POB 3634 San Diego, CA 92183 (619) 297-3044 6-11pm. No JO calls. 3568LF £32

UNCUT 9' DOMINANT DADDY

9' white married male with underwear 36 6' 195lb. Previously Top only. 9' uncut. Now wish to provide complete french to clean, healthy guys in Richmond area only. W's, n'ming also available. Race & age unimportant. Cat Doc (604) 257-9500 & leave message or write Box 3568LF £32

VERY HANDSOME MAN W/ STACHE

She same. Top/bottom 4 very hot times. Inexp. a big +1 to POB 571503 Tarzana, CA 91356

VOYEUR/WRITER WANNABE

needs encouragement and? Correspond and possibly meet others or those who want to be watched. HIV-, some touchy feel but mostly watch. Writing to assist limited participation in your fantasies. Limited travel - western NC area. 3560LF £32

WANTED MASTER OF COLOR

WM 68 30 BR/BL, handsome, seeks con-boling, "no BS" mentor. Born to serve as you were meant to be served. You set limits (if any). Will travel anywhere and am employable. Seek h/b/m only somewhere. Please write to Box 3628LF £32

WANTED TOUGH LEATHERMAN

and disciplinarian to train my very handsome 25 year old boy to follow his Master's orders and commands without question. I will hand him over to you for non-sexual training. You deliver him back obedient and submissive. You must have trained before, respect limits, impose and provide references. Send very detailed letter to Training Center, POB 5640, Wash DC 20016 9156LF

WEALTH HAS ITS PRIVILEGES

GWM, executive 6'3" 242lb, good build, HIV-, travels the world, new to scene, seeks some one I can trust to enjoy my lifestyle with. I'm 48. You? Send photo and phone, a must to Box 572 Gwynedd Valley, PA 19437 outside Philly. Tell me about yourself. 3528LF £32

WELL-BUILT BONDAGE BOTTOM

Handsome and well built bottom, 25, looking for friendship with strong minded & bodied man. Need Dominance, Control & security at home, while by your side in public. Main focus is bondage and confinement. Interests include TT, CBT, safe sex, shaving, enemas, and catheters. Photophone to Jeff Taylor, POB 19264, Pittsburgh, PA 15213 3578LF £32

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Such taggots with hairy crotches & pretty boy cunts. I've got a big stiff red inches for you & you please me. Safe but intense. VA WS CBT. 21 Me Mean edneck, really 45, ready to urble. Send photo & letter. Box 8199 F

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Seeking editors for a new adult gay fiction series. SASE for guidelines. PCP Dept D9, Box 3081, Denver, CA 94526-8381

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and will live with me under my supervision. But

Master owns you body, mind & soul, as He owns me. We truly exist only to serve Him in total obedience. Master 39 is utterly sadistic, extremely wise & very caring. He derives great pleasure from inflicting pain on His slave. 42, I am branded, my right ball will be destroyed & removed when He chooses, as an offering of submission. This is not a game. Faith, devotion, & complete obedience are required. You will respond describing your understandings of your path to present & how you discovered your slave nature. Include the strengths you will bring to serve him. Los Angeles area slave does not live with Master. Reply to Box 9081 9081LF

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Unformed, BM Sadist, 40's, wholly gung-ho to mantrap, capture white jock, daddy with a growl in his groin for sadistically inspired physical interrogation. Butthead prisoner will be cruelly mindfucked to beg for release thru enforced multiple orgasms and dry milking. VA, TT, CBT and foot bastinado/torture. No bullshit jocks. 21 39 Box 6579LF

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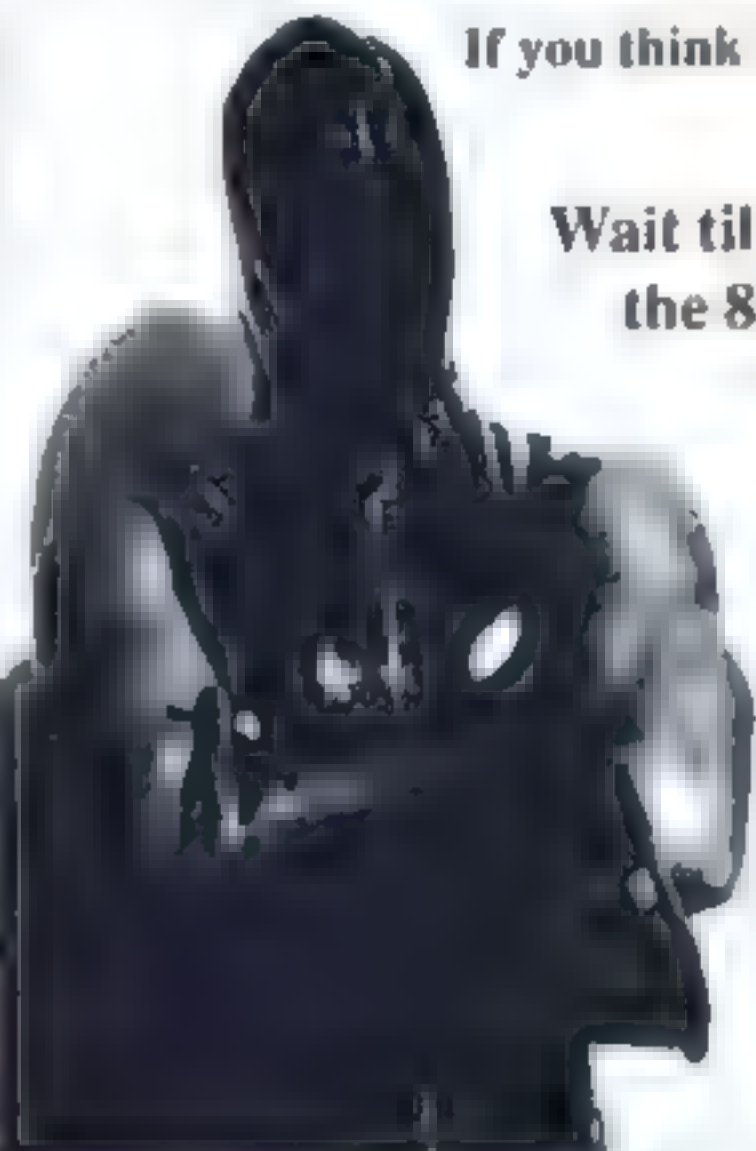
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ALABAMA

BARE BACK WHIPPING

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PHONE JERK

Fuckhead wants brain pumped by mean, lowdown, dirty old man of experience and deepshit, violent intensity. 55yo GWM 170lb 5'8" 7 1/2" uncult, neck 16" bicep 13 1/2" wrist 32" chest 47" calf 15 1/2" thigh 21. Auditions only after 10pm CST. Summer brushhion training, pumping iron. Want my insatiable holes disciplined by hot Tops. (Bobby, 205-978-5318) Box 9243LF

ARIZONA

AZ DAD & BROTHER SEEK 3RD

GWM 50' 230lb Top & GWM 44' 5-11 165lb bottom, secure, loving, BO, CBT, FF toys, playroom, CW/healthier. Seek 3rd, 30-55 hairy, honest, in-shape. Let's explore fantasies. Long term possible. Box 12256 Tucson AZ 85732

ON CALL SLAVE WANTED

Sadistic Master Bear 53 seeks masochist slave who will serve when called. BO TT CBT WS, whip, pain, companionship. Can lead to live-in. Limits respected. Safe sane Master knows how to train, use, abuse and to love his property. Tucson area. Box 8907LF

ARKANSAS

MARLBORO MAN WANTED

GWM 35 redign, professional, responsible and fuzzy on the outside. Rebellious teenager on the inside seeks Daddy big brother lover. Turn me on with big cigars, heavy smoking, shaving, booze, alone, encouraged or forced smoking, uniforms, altered states. Box 9018LF

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BONDAGE AND BRIEFS

WM 40 8-3, 180lb trim athletic seeks masculine trim WM/40s 20's 30's bottom or Top for BO, cuffs, ropes, chains, long hot nights bound & gagged with wet briefs, socks, Levi boots. CBT TT shaved balls. WS like SM. No heavy ass play. Fresno, Modesto, Yosemite area. Box 9011LF

DEEP THROAT & HARD GRIP

Me GWM 37 look 30 5'7" 130lb v-grooving built, smooth slight upper chest, nice butt, 7 1/2" cut, thick Top Master. Your GWM 30-45 8' 185lb of beefy muscle, slight upper chest, hairy hairy 88lb, butt, hung, who hanging balls, erect high esp. a-hole, shaved hole to nuts. Bim slave seeks huge cocks up ass, down throat. Is craving to run deep FR/rip. Hard GRip. Advrt w/butt esp chaptrass torn jeans for hung men. Also clubs & 3 ways. I'll be covering spend him tube finger GRs. FR/rip you blown men. In a while you want a FF TT BO WS a shave spanking, my butt, mucky beach, sudden sex, jocks. Mute, massage. Friend trust, for sex a must. Letter w/photos req. VHS prfd. All returned w/ or w/out reply. Bay Area. SF prfd. No late. Serious men only. 8761LF

BUTCH BOND 21 YRS

Athletic cocksucking pig. 6' 180lb hung for hot hung Top/Master/Daddy 25-50 into rubber WS VA TT toys, rimmeat. Seeking perm position in bed and home. equal out. Reality with fantasy honesty, integrity long term relat. Martin S. POB 469012 SF CA 94146 09, 1 No Photo. No response (will return) 9143LF

CEREBRAL TOP

Creative, intelligent, healthy, white male, ex-ecutive in early 40's, seeks curious, fit men for introduction to safe & sane, white hot SM & BO. Inmated bottoms should send fantasy requirements & limits. Not seeking live in partner but rather a buddy to be challenged. Live minded, aggressive Tops also welcome for man-to-man scenes. Write Ken PO Box 70052 Plaza Station, Sunnyvale CA 94068

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trim young lad in the art of obedience thru bondage and discipline. SF Master is 40, son 30, both are experienced and attractive. Cum wet and submit. Tom, 415-282-5439

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Young, hard, Latin angel turns most straight guys heads as stroll the avenues and parks in only leather and muscle. Need a tough guy in leather to hold me, ass me, and love me all night long. Please, Hayward. Awd41,510, 1-214-4-600000

HUMPY DOG SLAVE

Sneaking around, must looking for Master into dog training, bondage, cages, pits, pits, leather, etc. Much verbal abuse, owner s.p. heavy fucking, shaving. Healthy NY 5'6" 140lb, blond, 14 tattooed, 17 good hole. Ready for training and more. Photos on travel. Mark in Santa Ana, 408-423-3168, Box 6614LF

I NEED TO SNIFF YOUR HOLE

Facelooking WM 47 seeks contact with younger, dominant guy of any race. If you've been working hard at working out and would enjoy making me tongue clean your sweaty pits, nuts and worship your ripe asshole, write Chuck, Box 51201 Palo Alto CA 94303 LF

I NEED TO SNIFF YOUR HOLE

Nice looking WM 47yo seeks contact with younger, dominant man, any race. If you've been working hard at working out and would enjoy making my tongue clean your sweaty pits, nuts, feet and worship your ripe asshole, write Chuck, Box 51201 Palo Alto CA 94303

LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Leather/bondage pig seeks demanding leather Master for training in BO, CBT TT WS VA, hoods, gags and more. Service as you order. I am 6' 190lb, hairy, trim, full beard, fairly hairy. Fit a Grip. Write CC POB 2405 Turlock CA 95381 2405 Photophone to 3520LF 1-214-4-600000

LIVE-IN BOY WANTED

Very handsome, moderately severe San Francisco Daddy 42' 205lb average endowment. You must be younger, a well hung, ready for lots of ownership WS, a must. Roy 415-1101-5148. No phone sex. SERIOUS ONLY! Call before 11pm. 3550LF 1-214-4-600000

MUSCULAR STUO NEEDS DADDY

Handsome 29' 200lb solid built slacker needs study Master with muscles, cops, rugged types, cowboys, who can Dominate this hunk with TT ass beatings, discipline & training. Doing afterwards. Safe only. Photophone & get same. Thank you Sir! 9230LF

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WANTED: MASCULINE

Very masculine dominant straight acting W/M 6'1" 250lb 51 seeks masculine guy who has an internal need to serve a Master/Daddy/bear type guy both in and out of the bedroom. Letter photograph to Thom 311 West 8th Street Blue Corona CA 91720 (951) 277-5000. Two jackoff/sex calls. Serious only. 9100LF

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by W/M bottom/slave 1m 42 5'11" 210lbs Husky hairy bright beard and stache Husky hairy hot lips mouth & hairy tight buttocks Looking for Master to serve Am FRA/P front & rear) W/P TT WS like Bl) anal play toys boots leather levis hairy body A+ Looking for

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MAN TO MAN

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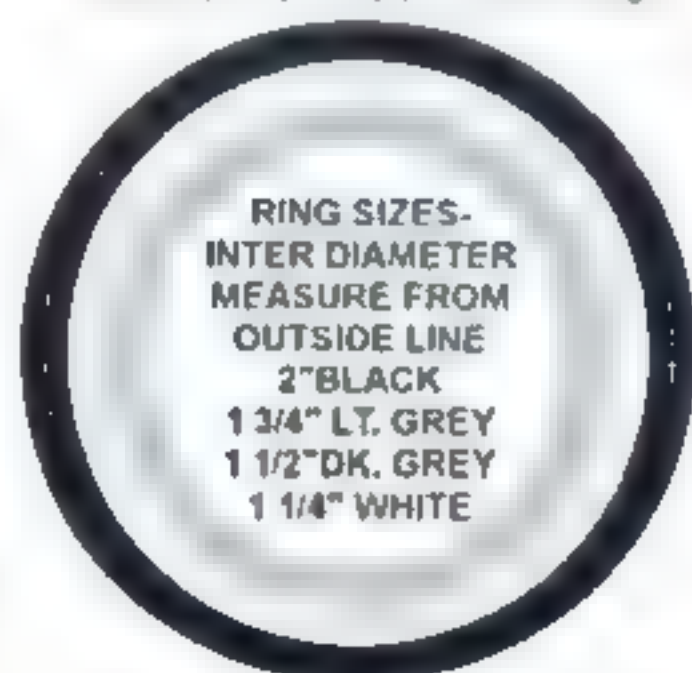
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▶ *Abstract*

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130 ~~~~~

43

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

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Handsome bodybuilding sex slave 43 5'10" 180# hairy brown/brown full beard non smoker/drinker HIV wants to serve and receive in shape non-fat non-smoking Tops Photo and letter to Ray POBox 141553 Columbus OH 43214 3531LF

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You 21-35 short slim for submission humiliation basement playroom SM BD kinky nudgy safe and sane only no drugs Letter and phone to Cleveland Box 8866LF

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SLAVE BOTTOM SEEKS MASTER

Kinky Exhibitioner WM muscular deep throat cocksucker my favorite is uncut Into SM BD FF TT CT Display me naked in front of your friends, piss on me verbally abuse me Send letter & photo Ken PO Box 148 Buena Ohio 43909 (614) 833-5708 JO OK 9053LF

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Ohio intelligent professional 42 5'10" 175# Let's explore S/M with erful controlled application of elbows, knuckles, knees to crotch, gut abs, ribs, or TT BD submission with my affection Then defined to BB or any A+ No gut or over 210# Safe sane kinky role-reversal one night or a lifetime Topless photo and desires to SMC PO Box 19830 Cincinnati OH 45219

SUBMISSIVE BOTTOM SEEKS MASC TOP

Ma 29 6'2" Heavy build beard HIV Into LL CBT Feet Sucking BD SM shaving WS Heavy ass work etc You sane/experienced Dom/HIV 30+ Race/ly ST open Letter photo to JH Box 261122 Columbus OH 43226 1172 9118LF

OREGON

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32yo 180# 6-2 slim masculine novice seeks Master for discipline training for slavery and indenture Open to all commands/permanent slavery Write POBox 3843 Portland OR 97208 (503) 251 3 52

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COCKSUCKER NEEDS DOM TOPS

WM 28 oral slave needs to service Dominant Hung Masters Use my mouth for your pleasure I'm healthy & ready to obey! Please write to HM Box 8947 Columbia SC 29280 I enjoy WS BD Toys and have videos for enjoyment Leather & hairy rimming & piss I love it all 3166LF 632

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WM 28 oral slave needs to service Dominant Hung Masters Use my mouth for your pleasure I'm healthy & ready to obey! Please write to POB 8947 Columbia SC 29280 I enjoy WS BD Toys and have videos for enjoyment Leather & hairy rimming & piss I love it all

TEXAS

BEAUMONT LEATHER DADDY

GWM 44 5-10 180# HIV blue eyes brown hair trimmed beard and slash with well equipped den seeks well assured aggressive men into TT BD WS and mutual service Box 9047LF

COWBOY BOOTS & SPUR FETISH

GWM 30yo 195# 6'3" 120# feet w/ big moustache Gets hard on when cowboys use spurs on horse or my flanks tonight Get a horse saddles bits chaps whips 36 boots & 130 pairs of spurs Saddle me up & put some spurs on my hide I like rank armors & buttholes to worship too! 3641LF

DALLAS BUNKHOUSE FUN (S&C)

Overnight accommodations in the raw - \$10 per night 5 minutes from downtown Dallas Refer to my previous DRUMMER ad "MAN/BOY NATURAL BART ST FUCKERS suckers suckers and your favorite" A 63 of TT A-2 FF HL Can call 14 941 3440 Box 6046LF

HUNGRY HOLE IN HOUSTON

Muscular bottom blind/blk 26 142# needs intense TT CBT and sexwork with my huge dicks and anything else New to scene teach me new pleasures Please!! Will respond to all Pen Pals OK Reply to RD 1108 Hyde Park #154 Houston TX 77006

HUNGRY SLAVE REQUIRED

by Cowboy Top to drink piss eat ass suck cock use my pits and feet I like treatable ass I am 6' 170# moustache/beard very long brown hair pierced tattooed HIV neg Send letter/photo to Perry POB 2263 Lubbock TX 79406 or Phone (806) 763-2700 3606LF 632

LEATHER BOTTOM

Looking for hot Leathermen - North TX NM OK & surrounding area Into CBT TT BSD & safe SM Intense pain gets me hot & hard I'm GWM 32 5'4" 135# good build and ready for action (825) 353 9452 or write to Box 8440LF

NASTY EXHIBITIONIST

WM 31 Watch me abuse myself with water sports enemas & does diapers spankings and bondage while dressed in panties and lace Video exchanges 3593 632

OLDER BOTTOM WANTED

You must be shorter than 5'8" At least 45 years old non-smoker Able to cook clean house Able to relocate for long term permanent relationship prefer short stocky gray haired man Write to 9197LF

PRETTY HOUSEBOY WANTED

Blond bodybuilder Master 8' 33 HIV seeks to care for bright handsome houseboy who will cook clean serve Must be young HIV (recent proof) thin to muscular Should be into long hair (headbanger?), body shaving piercing nudgy exhibition CBT FF expanding limits Current photo with qualifications receive first reply Box 8866LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

32yo 200# broad-shouldered muscular 7'11" 2" cock Desires weekend with intense sex sons Heavy bondage heavy CBT TT whipping Seeks experienced Master with well equipped dungeon Prefer DFW area but will consider statewide Photo gets same 3646LF

SLAVE PIG NEEDS MASTER

WM 32 6'2" 180 lbs HIV Brown hair & eyes total bottom Into leather, piss, scat, cigars Anything goes and the raunchier the better Looking for rough Topman to abuse me Have place/will travel if possible call Randy (903) 792-0114 after 6pm Texas/Kans TX or write to Box 8117LF

WEST TEXAS BOTTOM

WM 44 professional clean educated into pain rigid restraint and total control Ask beating electricity long intense SM Whips crops Steel rope hoods gags if playing rough and on the edge is your thing please write 3605LF

VIRGINIA

COME HOME TO DAD

GWM bearded Daddy bear 47 6' 240# seeks cub fuzzy or smooth for traditional safe bear fun lean-smoker stable desires quality den time maybe leading to a long-term stay Box 2241 Denbigh VA 23009 0241 3528LF 632

TIDEWATER BOTTOM

36 seeks local booted aggressive Top for regular training Chained BD VA CBT WS humiliation chastity electricity etc Dungeon a plus I'm healthy masculine discreet attractive and ready to serve Phone & gets fast response 9244LF

VORACIOUS & HOT

Friend fuckbuddy maybe lover I won't travel Rimming sex play (fingers/hands/liquid toys) WS vanilla too (you like books movies music politics humor drama sex (wildly varied) & are educated Hairy chest blind/blk 38 hand some You shy preferred to 40 years Dennis POB 11621 Norfolk VA 23517

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LEATHER TOP MAN WANTED

Smart ass bottom wants to be taken to the next level by a man to explore some really hot yet fantasized by this novice. Into V/S, B/D and wants exposure to more 20-6-1 105# hairy pierced. If you have patience to train, I will expand my limits for you. Box 9005LF

S & M PLAY

GWM 6-3 180# in Olympia area looking for Tops and/or bottoms into B/D, CBT, TT, SM leather sex in general light to heavy safe & sane only. Age unimportant. Military welcome. Absolute discretion guaranteed. Call (206) 466-0650 or write with photo & phone to Box 9002LF

S&M PLAY

GWM 5'3" 180# in Olympia looking for Tops and bottoms into HC, CBT, TT, SM leather sex in general light to heavy safe and sane only. Age unimportant. Military welcome. Absolute discretion guaranteed. No relationship possible. Call (206) 466-0650 or write with photo & phone to Box 9002LF

WISCONSIN

FULL LEATHERS/BONDAGE

GWM 30 medium build non-smoker in full leathers into immobilizing bondage without pain. Particular interests: full leathers, gloves, hoods, gags, 24 marks, spandex, athletic gear lots of rope. Non-smoker 40 or under a plus, mainly a Top but bottom or mutual OK. Lots of equipment waiting to be used. Photo appreciated/available. 9142LF

INTERNATIONAL

AMERICAN IN ENGLAND

Biker in full leather, 40, 5'11", 160lbs into leather uniforms, Bikes, bondage. Looking for Gfs, Airman, cops, bikers, SP's, GSP welcome. Should be 21-45 safe sane healthy discreet bottom. Often in US so statewide replies welcome. Here's your chance! can take you where you want to go but if you don't write we won't meet. 9067LF

BEEN THERE DONE THAT??

Daddy's man 30 fit into anything with a twist. Son's Daddy 47 bear fit and done it all. Surprise! Surprise! Good old Aussie men no gloss, no hooking, just into men. Prefer men who have sex with men. All letters replied. 9254LF

BOOTLICKER TOILET SLAVE

London based WM submissive 40 will travel for humiliation by mature selfish brute. All ages & races served. Eager for lengthy total bondage & deprivation sessions. Kicking and sniffing a dirty sweaty body. I want to be your toilet. Shaving suits welcome. Like outdoors & sordid scenes. Europe or NYC. Box 9033LF

GUT PUNCHING ACTION

GWM 35 5'8" 160# of music beef seeks other male in shape men into gut punching tests of endurance. Erotic manhandling through punishment. Name your limit but make me a challenge. Pet/kill abuse ok also. Erotic wrestling, imaginative SM scenes (restraints, interrogation, initiation, etc.) welcome. I can take it. Can you? Live in France travel 1/3 Europe frequently. Can host. Shirtless photo detailed letter gets mine. 9241LF

HANDSOME GERMAN MOTORBIKER

29 183cm, 73kg crewcut, athletic build, healthy stable, seeks similar. I'm active/passive into many sex in full leather/gloves (mask?) hard fuck dido shovork, light SM. Travel often. Europe/US. Full leather a must. No latex. Tame bald moustaches. Send photo. 3503LF

HOT CORRESPONDENCE SOUGHT

By Swiss leatherman sleek body beard pierced uncultured 40 5-7 125# bottom with very rugged Top. Big hung hairy moustache or beard educated & Dominant. (No Black or Latin very welcome). Photos a must. No heavy SM. Box 8750LF

MILLIONAIRE DAD

WM, 50, HIV+, seeks WM slim, butch, college student, 16-25 HIV+, into motorcycles, leather boots, SM, bondage. You may attend college of your choice, generous allowance. Send recent pic and phone # with letter stating why you should be chosen as my son and heir. 9155LF

AUSTRALIA

BOY SEEKS DADDY

Boy 32 6-4 190# seeks Daddy into CBT, shaving, taking orders, Domination, leather but also responds well to T/C. Age open but 45-55 preferred. Beards short hair, barding a +. Please Daddy, your boy needs you. Box 8972LF

CANADA

LARRY IN TORONTO

1st runner-up Drummerboy. We met Aug 9 at Spa on Manitowish. You were a good boy! Want more discipline, bondage and hot safe sex? Either in Toronto or long weekends at daddy's expense in USA. Your safety and limits always honored. 3654

GERMANY

GERMAN MASTER

Master/Daddy, bear, 47yo, 6'5" 215# non-smoker beard hosts submissive guys/mas. Ochists over 35yo beard for heavy action. TT, CBT, bondage/masochism, dildos. Any scene considered but no drugs, alcohol or brutality. All nationalities and all inclinations appreciated. Can guarantee strict discipline. Application with picture to 6917LF

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2 hot leathermen men 25yo & 35yo goodlooking seeks male guys to show us Berlin & your macho German life style, hangouts, business, into men to man hunt, groups, heavy duty partying etc. Visiting Jan 93. A. to John M. 26 Waltham St #2 Boston MA 02130-4144 USA

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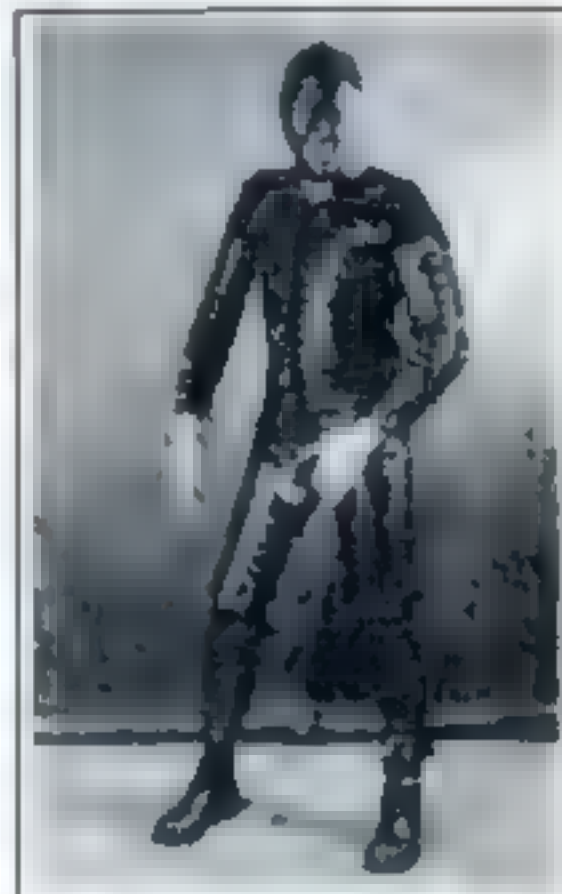
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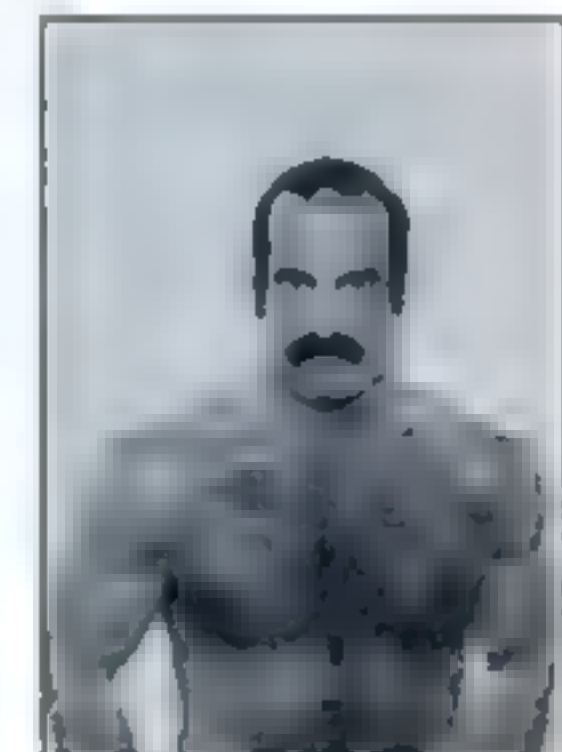
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How to respond to a Tough Customer

If the TC you want to respond to has an address, respond directly to him at that address. If he has a box number follow the instructions on page 52 of this magazine under "How To Reply To A Dear Sir Ad". You may also leave a message for your favorite TC with our new TC Phoneline. See page 81 for the number to call and respond to a TC phone box

How to use our TC phone line

If your TC picture appears on the following pages the four digit # following TC in your ad is your mailbox # as well as your TC phoneline #. To retrieve messages left for you on the phoneline you must first call Desmodus, Inc. at 415-252-1195 to receive your access code (ask for Dept. TC). After you receive your access code, you may call the Tough Customer Phoneline to retrieve your messages

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We have published four special, all-TC magazines so far. You can order TC4 by sending \$6.95 + \$2.00 S/H to RoB, 22 Shotwell St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Please specify which issue (TC1, TC2 and TC3 also available \$6.95 each, \$4.00 total S/H for all four). CA residents add 8.25% sales tax. Or call (415) 252-1198 with your credit card order

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TC-168-2162

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TC 168-2163

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SLAP AND HUMILIATE HIM



TC 168-2164

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